THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY A. POPE.

A NEW EDITION.

ADORNED WITH PLATES.

VOLUME II.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. J. DU ROVERAY,

By T. Bensley, Bolt Court;

AND SOLD BY J. AND A. ARCH, CORNHILL, AND

E. LLOYD, HARLEY STREET.

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THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE DUEL OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

The armies being ready to engage, a single combat is agreed upon between Menelaüs and Paris (by the intervention of Hector) for the determination of the war. Iris is sent to call Helena to behold the fight. She leads her to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plain below, to whom Helen gives an account of the chief of them. The kings on either part take the solemn oath for the conditions of the combat. The duel ensues, wherein Paris being overcome, is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, and transported to his apartment. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together. Agamemnon, on the part of the Grecians, demands the restoration of Helen, and the performance of the articles.

The three and twentieth day still continues throughout this book. The scene is sometimes in the fields before Troy, and sometimes in Troy itself.

Drawn by R.d Westall R.A.

Engraved by Ja.s Heath A.

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BOOK III.

Thus by their leader's care each martial band
Moves into ranks, and stretches o'er the land.
With shouts the Trojans rushing from afar,
Proclaim their motions, and provoke the war:
So when inclement winters vex the plain
With piercing frosts, or thick-descending rain,
To warmer seas the cranes embodied fly,
With noise, and order, through the midway sky;
To pigmy nations wounds and death they bring,
And all the war descends upon the wing.
But silent, breathing rage, resolv'd and skill'd
By mutual aids to fix a doubtful field,
Swift march the Greeks: the rapid dust around
Dark'ning arises from the labour'd ground.
Thus from his flaggy wings when Notus sheds
A night of vapours round the mountain heads,
Swift-gliding mists the dusky fields invade,
To thieves more grateful than the midnight shade;
While scarce the swains their feeding flocks survey,
Lost and confus'd amidst the thicken'd day:

So wrapt in gath'ring dust, the Grecian train,
A moving cloud, swept on, and hid the plain.
Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
Eager of fight, and only wait command;
When, to the van, before the sons of fame
Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came:
In form a god! the panther's speckled hide
Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride;
His bended bow across his shoulders flung,
His sword beside him negligently hung,
Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.
As thus with glorious air and proud disdain,
He boldly stalk'd, the foremost on the plain,
Him Menelaüs, lov'd of Mars, espies,
With heart elated, and with joyful eyes:
So joys a lion, if the branching deer
Or mountain goat, his bulky prize, appear;
Eager he seizes and devours the slain,
Press'd by bold youths, and baying dogs in vain.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound,
In clanging arms he leaps upon the ground
From his high chariot: him, approaching near,
The beauteous champion views with marks of fear;

Smit with a conscious sense, retires behind,
And shuns the fate he well deserv'd to find.
As when some shepherd, from the rustling trees
Shot forth to view, a scaly serpent sees,
Trembling and pale, he starts with wild affright,
And all confus'd precipitates his flight:
So from the king the shining warrior flies,
And plung'd amid the thickest Trojans lies.
As godlike Hector sees the prince retreat,
He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat.
Unhappy Paris! but to women brave!
So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!
Oh hadst thou died when first thou saw'st the light,
Or died at least before thy nuptial rite!
A better fate than vainly thus to boast,
And fly, the scandal of thy Trojan host.
Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see
Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!
Thy figure promis'd with a martial air,
But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.
In former days, in all thy gallant pride,
When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the tide,
When Grecce beheld thy painted canvass flow,
And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show,

Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,
You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen,
Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,
And both her warlike lords outshin'd in Helen's eyes?
This deed, thy foes' delight, thy own disgrace,
Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race;
This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;
Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?
Soon to thy cost the field would make thee know
Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.
Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth; in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust:
Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow
Crush the dire author of his country's woe.

His silence here, with blushes, Paris breaks:
'Tis just, my brother, what your anger speaks:
But who like thee can boast a soul sedate,
So firmly proof to all the shocks of fate?
Thy force, like steel, a temper'd hardness shows,
Still edg'd to wound, and still untir'd with blows,
Like steel, uplifted by some strenuous swain,
With falling woods to strow the wasted plain.

Thy gifts I praise, nor thou despise the charms
With which a lover golden Venus arms;
Soft moving speech, and pleasing outward show,
No wish can gain 'em, but the gods bestow.
Yet, wouldst thou have the proffer'd combat stand,
The Greeks and Trojans seat on either hand;
Then let a mid-way space our hosts divide,
And, on that stage of war, the cause be tried:
By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought;
And who his rival can in arms subdue,
His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league your toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.
He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst, athwart; and near the foe
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow:
While round his dauntless head the Grecians pour
Their stones and arrows in a mingled show'r.
Then thus the monarch, great Atrides, cried:
Forbear, ye warriors! lay the darts aside:

A parley Hector asks, a message bears;
We know him by the various plume he wears.
Aw'd by his high command the Greeks attend,
The tumult silence, and the fight suspend.
While from the centre Hector rolls his eyes
On either host, and thus to both applies.
Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands!
What Paris, author of the war, demands.
Your shining swords within the sheath restrain,
And pitch your lances in the yielding plain.
Here in the midst, in either army's sight,
He dares the Spartan king to single fight;
And wills that Helen and the ravish'd spoil,
That caus'd the contest, shall reward the toil.
Let these the brave triumphant victor grace,
And diff'ring nations part in leagues of peace.
He spoke: in still suspence on either side
Each army stood: the Spartan chief reply'd.
Me too, ye warriors, hear, whose fatal right
A world engages in the toils of fight.
To me the labour of the field resign;
Me Paris injur'd; all the war be mine.
Fall he that must beneath his rival's arms;
And live the rest, secure of future harms.

Two lambs, devoted by your country's rite,
To earth a sable, to the sun a white,
Prepare, ye Trojans! while a third we bring
Select to Jove, th' inviolable king.
Let rev'rend Priam in the truce engage,
And add the sanction of consid'rate age;
His sons are faithless, headlong in debate,
And youth itself an empty wav'ring state:
Cool age advances, venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befall,
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.
The nations hear, with rising hopes possest,
And peaceful prospects dawn in ev'ry breast.
Within the lines they drew their steeds around,
And from their chariots issu'd on the ground:
Next all unbuckling the rich mail they wore,
Laid their bright arms along the sable shore.
On either side the meeting hosts are seen
With lances fix'd, and close the space between.
Two heralds now, dispatch'd to Troy, invite
The Phrygian monarch to the peaceful rite;
Talthybius hastens to the fleet, to bring
The lamb for Jove, th' inviolable king.

Meantime, to beauteous Helen, from the skies
The various goddess of the rainbow flies:
(Like fair Laodicè in form and face,
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race;
Her in the palace, at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crown'd,
The Trojan wars she weav'd (herself the prize)
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes.
To whom the goddess of the painted bow:
Approach, and view the wond'rous scene below!
Each hardy Greek, and valiant Trojan knight,
So dreadful late, and furious for the fight,
Now rest their spears, or lean upon their shields;
Ceas'd is the war, and silent all the fields.
Paris alone and Sparta's king advance,
In single fight to toss the beamy lance;
Each met in arms, the fate of combat tries,
Thy love the motive, and thy charms the prize.
This said, the many-colour'd maid inspires
Her husband's love, and wakes her former fires;
Her country, parents, all that once were dear,
Rush to her thought, and force a tender tear.
O'er her fair face a snowy veil she threw,
And, softly sighing, from the loom withdrew.

Her handmaids, Clymenè and Æthra, wait
Her silent footsteps to the Scæan gate.
There sat the seniors of the Trojan race,
(Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace)
The king the first; Thymœtes at his side;
Lampus and Clytius, long in council tried;
Panthus, and Hicetäon, once the strong;
And next, the wisest of the rev'rend throng,
Antenor grave, and sage Ucalegon,
Lean'd on the walls, and bask'd before the sun:
Chiefs, who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days, like grasshoppers rejoice,
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.
These, when the Spartan queen approach'd the tow'r,
In secret own'd resistless beauty's pow'r:
They cried, No wonder, such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!
Yet hence, O heaven, convey that fatal face,
And from destruction save the Trojan race.
The good old Priam welcom'd her, and cried
Approach, my child, and grace thy father's side.

See on the plain thy Grecian spouse appears,
The friends and kindred of thy former years.
No crime of thine our present suff'rings draws,
Not thou, but heav'n's disposing will, the cause;
The gods these armies and this force employ,
The hostile gods conspire the fate of Troy.
But lift thy eyes, and say, What Greek is he
(Far as from hence these aged orbs can see)
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,
So tall, so awful, and almost divine?
Though some of larger stature tread the green,
None match his grandeur and exalted mien:
He seems a monarch, and his country's pride.
Thus ceas'd the king, and thus the fair reply'd.
Before thy presence, father, I appear,
With conscious shame and reverential fear.
Ah! had I died, ere to these walls I fled,
False to my country, and my nuptial bed;
My brothers, friends, and daughter left behind,
False to them all, to Paris only kind!
For this I mourn, till grief or dire disease
Shall waste the form whose crime it was to please!
The king of kings, Atrides, you survey,
Great in the war, and great in arts of sway:

My brother once, before my days of shame;
And oh! that still he bore a brother's name!
With wonder Priam view'd the godlike man,
Extoll'd the happy prince, and thus began.
O blest Atrides! born to prosp'rous fate,
Successful monarch of a mighty state!
How vast thy empire! Of yon matchless train
What numbers lost, what numbers yet remain?
In Phrygia once were gallant armies known,
In ancient time, when Otreus fill'd the throne,
When godlike Mygdon led their troops of horse,
And I, to join them, rais'd the Trojan force:
Against the manlike Amazons we stood,
And Sangar's stream ran purple with their blood.
But far inferior those, in martial grace
And strength of numbers, to this Grecian race.
This said, once more he view'd the warrior train:
What's he, whose arms lie scatter'd on the plain?
Broad is his breast, his shoulders larger spread,
Though great Atrides overtops his head.
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small;
From rank to rank he moves, and orders all.
The stately ram thus measures o'er the ground,
And, master of the flock, surveys them round.

Then Helen thus. Whom your discerning eyes
Have singled out, is Ithacus the wise:
A barren island boasts his glorious birth;
His fame for wisdom fills the spacious earth.

Antenor took the word, and thus began:
Myself, O king! have seen that wond'rous man;
When trusting Jove and hospitable laws,
To Troy he came, to plead the Grecian cause,
(Great Menelaüs urg'd the same request)
My house was honour'd with each royal guest:
I knew their persons, and admir'd their parts,
Both brave in arms, and both approv'd in arts.
Erect, the Spartan most engag'd our view;
Ulysses seated, greater rev'rence drew.
When Atreus' son harangu'd the list'ning train,
Just was his sense, and his expression plain,
His words succinct, yet full, without a fault;
He spoke no more than just the thing he ought.
But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground,
As one unskill'd or dumb, he seem'd to stand,
Nor rais'd his head, nor stretch'd his sceptred hand;
But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,

The copious accents fall, with easy art;
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!
Wond'ring we hear, and, fix'd in deep surprise,
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes.
The king then ask'd (as yet the camp he view'd)
What chief is that, with giant strength endu'd,
Whose brawny shoulders, and whose swelling chest,
And lofty stature, far exceed the rest?
Ajax the great (the beauteous queen reply'd),
Himself a host: the Grecian strength and pride.
See! bold Idomeneus superior tow'rs
Amid yon circle of his Cretan pow'rs,
Great as a god! I saw him once before,
With Menelaüs, on the Spartan shore.
The rest I know, and could in order name;
All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame.
Yet two are wanting of the num'rous train,
Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain:
Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse.
My brothers these; the same our native shore,
One house contain'd us, as one mother bore.
Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:

Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.
So spoke the fair, nor knew her brothers' doom,
Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

Meantime the heralds, thro' the crowded town,
Bring the rich wine and destin'd victims down.
Idæus' arms the golden goblets prest,
Who thus the venerable king addrest.
Arise, O father of the Trojan state!
The nations call, thy joyful people wait,
To seal the truce, and end the dire debate.
Paris, thy son, and Sparta's king advance,
In measur'd lists to toss the weighty lance;
And who his rival shall in arms subdue,
His be the dame, and his the treasure too.
Thus with a lasting league our toils may cease,
And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
So shall the Greeks review their native shore,
Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.

With grief he heard, and bade the chiefs prepare
To join his milk-white coursers to the car:
He mounts the seat, Antenor at his side;
The gentle steeds through Scæa's gates they guide:

Next from the car descending on the plain,
Amid the Grecian host and Trojan train
Slow they proceed: the sage Ulysses then
Arose, and with him rose the king of men.
On either side a sacred herald stands,
The wine they mix, and on each monarch's hands
Pour the full urn; then draws the Grecian lord
His cutlass sheath'd beside his pond'rous sword;
From the sing'd victims crops the curling hair,
The heralds part it, and the princes share;
Then loudly thus before th' attentive bands
He calls the gods, and spreads his lifted hands.

O first and greatest pow'r! whom all obey,
Who high on Ida's holy mountain sway,
Eternal Jove! and you bright orb that roll
From east to west, and view from pole to pole!
Thou mother earth! and all ye living floods!
Infernal furies, and Tartarean gods,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falsely swear!
Hear, and be witness. If, by Paris slain,
Great Menelaüs press the fatal plain;
The dame and treasures let the Trojan keep,
And Greece returning plough the wat'ry deep.

If by my brother's lance the Trojan bleed,
Be his the wealth and beauteous dame decreed:
Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And ev'ry age record the signal day.
This if the Phrygians shall refuse to yield,
Arms must revenge, and Mars decide the field.

With that the chief the tender victims slew,
And in the dust their bleeding bodies threw;
The vital spirit issu'd at the wound,
And left the members quiv'ring on the ground.
From the same urn they drink the mingled wine,
And add libations to the pow'rs divine.
While thus their pray'rs united mount the sky,
Hear mighty Jove! and hear ye gods on high!
And may their blood, who first the league confound,
Shed like this wine, disdain the thirsty ground;
May all their consorts serve promiscuous lust,
And all their race be scatter'd as the dust!
Thus either host their imprecations join'd,
Which Jove refus'd, and mingled with the wind.

The rites now finish'd, rev'rend Priam rose,
And thus express'd a heart o'ercharg'd with woes.
Ye Greeks and Trojans, let the chiefs engage,
But spare the weakness of my feeble age:

If yonder walls that object let me shun,
Nor view the danger of so dear a son.
Whose arms shall conquer, and what prince shall fall,
Heav'n only knows, for heav'n disposes all.
This said, the hoary king no longer stay'd,
But on his car the slaughter'd victims laid;
Then seiz'd the reins his gentle steeds to guide,
And drove to Troy, Antenor at his side.
Bold Hector and Ulysses now dispose
The lists of combat, and the ground inclose;
Next to decide by sacred lots prepare,
Who first shall launch his pointed spear in air.
The people pray with elevated hands,
And words like these are heard through all the bands.
Immortal Jove, high heav'n's superior lord,
On lofty Ida's holy mount ador'd!
Whoe'er involv'd us in this dire debate,
O give that author of the war to fate
And shades eternal! let division cease,
And joyful nations join in leagues of peace.
With eyes averted Hector hastes to turn
The lots of fight, and shakes the brazen urn.

Then, Paris, thine leap'd forth; by fatal chance
Ordain'd the first to whirl the weighty lance.
Both armies sat the combat to survey,
Beside each chief his azure armour lay,
And round the lists the gen'rous coursers neigh.
The beauteous warrior now arrays for fight,
In gilded arms magnificently bright:
The purple cuishes clasp his thighs around,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with silver buckles bound:
Lycaon's cors'let his fair body drest,
Brac'd in, and fitted to his softer breast;
A radiant baldric, o'er his shoulder tied,
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side:
His youthful face a polish'd helm o'erspread;
The waving horse-hair nodded on his head;
His figur'd shield, a shining orb, he takes,
And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shakes.
With equal speed, and fir'd by equal charms,
The Spartan hero sheaths his limbs in arms.

Now round the lists th' admiring armies stand,
With jav'lins fix'd, the Greek and Trojan band.
Amidst the dreadful vale, the chiefs advance,
All pale with rage, and shake the threat'ning lance.
The Trojan first his shining jav'lin threw;
Full on Atrides' ringing shield it flew,

Nôr pierc'd the brâzen orb, but with a bound
Leap'd from the buckler, blunted on the ground.
Atrides then his massy lance prepares,
In act to throw, but first prefers his pray'rs.
Give me, great Jove! to punish lawless lust,
And lay the Trojan gasping in the dust:
Destroy th' aggressor, aid my righteous cause,
Avenge the breach of hospitable laws!
Let this example future times reclaim,
And guard from wrong fair friendship's holy name.
He said, and pois'd in air the jav'lin sent,
Through Paris' shield the forceful weapon went,
His cors'let pierces, and his garment rends,
And glancing downward, near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan bending from the blow,
Eludes the death, and disappoints his foe:
But fierce Atrides wav'd his sword, and strook
Full on his casque; the crested helmet shook;
The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand,
Broke short; the fragments glitter'd on the sand.
The raging warrior to the spacious skies
Rais'd his upbraiding voice, and angry eyes:
Then is it vain in Jove himself to trust?
And is it thus the gods assist the just?

When crimes provoke us, heav'n success denies;
The dart falls harmless, and the faulchion flies.
Furious he said, and tow'rd the Grecian crew
(Seiz'd by the crest) th' unhappy warrior drew;
Struggling he follow'd, while th' embroider'd thong,
That tied his helmet, dragg'd the chief along.
Then had his ruin crown'd Atrides' joy,
But Venus trembled for the prince of Troy:
Unseen she came, and burst the golden band;
And left an empty helmet in his hand.
The casque, enrag'd, amidst the Greeks he threw;
The Greeks with smiles the polish'd trophy view
Then, as once more he lifts the deadly dart,
In thirst of vengeance, at his rival's heart,
The queen of love her favour'd champion shrouds
(For gods can all things) in a veil of clouds.
Rais'd from the field the panting youth she led,
And gently laid him on the bridal bed,
With pleasing sweets his fainting sense renews,
And all the dome perfumes with heav'nly dews.

Meantime the brightest of the female kind,
The matchless Helen, o'er the walls reclin'd;
To her, beset with Trojan beauties, came,
In borrow'd form, the laughter-loving dame.

(She seem'd an ancient maid, well-skill'd to cull
The snowy fleece, and wind the twisted wool.)
The goddess softly shook her silken vest,
That shed perfumes, and whisp'ring thus addrest.
Haste, happy nymph! for thee thy Paris calls,
Safe from the fight, in yonder lofty walls,
Fair as a god! with odours round him spread
He lies, and waits thee on the well-known bed:
Not like a warrior parted from the foe,
But some gay dancer in the public show.
She spoke, and Helen's secret soul was mov'd;
She scorn'd the champion, but the man she lov'd.
Fair Venus' neck, her eyes that sparkled fire,
And breast, reveal'd the queen of soft desire.
Struck with her presence, straight the lively red
Forsook her cheek; and, trembling, thus she said.
Then is it still thy pleasure to deceive?
And woman's frailty always to believe?
Say, to new nations must I cross the main,
Or carry wars to some soft Asian plain?
For whom must Helen break her second vow?
What other Paris is thy darling now?
Left to Atrides, (victor in the strife)
An odious conquest and a captive wife,

Hence let me sail: and if thy Paris bear
My absence ill, let Venus ease his care.
A handmaid goddess at his side to wait,
Renounce the glories of thy heav'nly state,
Be fix'd for ever to the Trojan shore,
His spouse, or slave; and mount the skies no more.
For me, to lawless love no longer led,
I scorn the coward, and detest his bed;
Else should I merit everlasting shame,
And keen reproach, from ev'ry Phrygian dame:
Ill suits it now the joys of love to know,
Too deep my anguish, and too wild my woe.
  Then thus incens'd, the Paphian queen replies:
Obey the pow'r from whom thy glories rise;
Should Venus leave thee, ev'ry charm must fly,
Fade from thy cheek, and languish in thy eye.
Cease to provoke me, lest I make thee more
The world's aversion, than their love before;
Now the bright prize for which mankind engage,
Then, the sad victim of the public rage.
  At this, the fairest of her sex obey'd,
And veil'd her blushes in a silken shade;
Unseen, and silent, from the train she moves,
Led by the goddess of the smiles and loves.

Arriv'd, and enter'd at the palace gate,
The maids officious round their mistress wait;
Then all dispersing, various tasks attend;
The queen and goddess to the prince ascend.
Full in her Paris' sight, the queen of love
Had plac'd the beauteous progeny of Jove;
Where, as he view'd her charms, she turn'd away
Her glowing eyes, and thus began to say.

Is this the chief, who lost to sense of shame
Late fled the field, and yet survives his fame?
O hadst thou died beneath the righteous sword
Of that brave man whom once I call'd my lord!
The boaster Paris oft desir'd the day
With Sparta's king to meet in single fray:
Go now, once more thy rival's rage excite,
Provoke Atrides, and renew the fight:
Yet Helen bids thee stay, lest thou unskill'd
Should'st fall an easy conquest on the field.

The prince replies: Ah cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
This day the foe prevail'd by Pallas' pow'r:
We yet may vanquish in a happier hour:
There want not gods to favour us above:
But let the business of our life be love:

These softer moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I lov'd thee, when from Sparta's shore
My forc'd, my willing heav'nly prize I bore,
When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away!
Thus having spoke, th' enamour'd Phrygian boy
Rush'd to the bed, impatient for the joy.
Him Helen follow'd slow with bashful charms,
And clasp'd the blooming hero in her arms.

While these to love's delicious rapture yield,
The stern Atrides rages round the field:
So some fell lion whom the woods obey,
Roars through the desert, and demands his prey.
Paris he seeks, impatient to destroy,
But seeks in vain along the troops of Troy;
E'en those had yielded to a foe so brave
The recreant warrior, hateful as the grave.
Then speaking thus, the king of kings arose,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, all our gen'rous foes!
Hear and attest! from heav'n with conquest crown'd,
Our brother's arms the just success have found:
Be therefore now the Spartan wealth restor'd,
Let Argive Helen own her lawful lord;

Th' appointed fine let Ilion justly pay,
And age to age record this signal day.
He ceas'd; his army's loud applauses rise,
And the long shout runs echoing through the skies.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK III.

V. 3. *With shouts the Trojans.*] The book begins with a fine opposition of the noise of the Trojan army to the silence of the Grecians. It was but natural to imagine this, since the former was composed of many different nations, of various languages, and strangers to each other; the latter were more united in their neighbourhood, and under leaders of the same country. But as this observation seems particularly insisted upon by our author (for he uses it again in the fourth book, v. 486) so he had a farther reason for it. Plutarch, in his treatise of Reading the Poets, remarks upon this distinction, as a particular credit to the military discipline of the Greeks. And several ancient authors tell us, it was the manner of the barbarians to encounter with shouts and outcries; as it continues to this day the custom of the eastern nations. Perhaps these clamours were only to encourage their men, instead of martial instruments. I think sir Walter Raleigh says, there never was a people but made use of some sort of music in battle: Homer never mentions any in the Greek or Trojan armies, and it is scarce to be imagined he would omit a circumstance so poetical without some particular reason. The verb Σαλπιζω, which the modern Greeks have since appropriated to the sound of a trumpet, is used indifferently in our author for other sounds, as for thunder in the 21st Iliad, v. 388. Αμφι δε σαλπιγξεν μεγας ουρανος.—He once names the trumpet, Σαλπιγξ, in a simile; upon which Eustathius and Didymus observe, that the use of it was known in the poet's time, but not in that of the Trojan war. And hence we may infer that Homer was particularly careful not to confound the manners of the times he wrote of, with those of the times he lived in.

V. 7. *The cranes embody'd fly.*] If wit has been truly described to be a similitude in ideas, and is more excellent as that similitude is more surprising, there cannot be a truer kind of wit than what

is shewn in apt comparisons, especially when composed of such subjects as having the least relation to each other in general, have yet some particular that agrees exactly. Of this nature is the simile of the cranes to the Trojan army, where the fancy of Homer flew to the remotest part of the world for an image which no reader could have expected. But it is no less exact than surprising. The likeness consists in two points, the noise and the order; the latter is so observable, as to have given some of the ancients occasion to imagine the embattling of an army was first learned from the close manner of flight of these birds. But this part of the simile not being directly expressed by the author, has been overlooked by some of the commentators. It may be remarked, that Homer has generally a wonderful closeness in all the particulars of his comparisons, notwithstanding he takes a liberty in his expression of them. He seems so secure of the main likeness, that he makes no scruple to play with the circumstances; sometimes by transposing the order of them, sometimes by superadding them, and sometimes (as in this place) by neglecting them in such a manner, as to leave the reader to supply them himself.

V. 53. *As godlike Hector.*] This is the first place of the poem where Hector makes a figure, and here it seems proper to give an idea of his character, since, if he is not the chief hero of the Iliad, he is at least the most amiable. There are several reasons which render Hector a favourite character with every reader, some of which shall here be offered. The chief moral of Homer was to expose the ill effects of discord; the Greeks were to be shewn disunited, and to render that disunion the more probable, he has designedly given them mixt characters. The Trojans, on the other hand, were to be represented making all advantages of the others' disagreement, which they could not do without a strict union among themselves. Hector therefore, who commanded them, must be endued with all such qualifications as tended to the preservation of it; as Achilles with such as promoted the contrary. The one stands, in contrast to the other, an accomplished character of valour unruffled by rage and anger, and uniting his people by his prudence and example. Hector has also a foil to set

him off in his own family; we are perpetually opposing in our own minds the incontinence of Paris, who exposes his country, to the temperance of Hector, who protects it. And indeed it is this love of his country, which appears his principal passion, and the motive of all his actions. He has no other blemish than that he fights in an unjust cause, which Homer has yet been careful to tell us he would not do if his opinion were followed. But since he cannot prevail, the affection he bears to his parents and kindred, and his desire of defending them, incites him to do his utmost for their safety. We may add, that Homer having so many Greeks to celebrate, makes them shine in their turns, and singly in their several books, one succeeding in the absence of another. whereas Hector appears in every battle the life and soul of his party, and the constant bulwark against every enemy: he stands against Agamemnon's magnanimity, Diomed's bravery, Ajax's strength, and Achilles's fury. There is besides an accidental cause for our liking him, from reading the writers of the Augustan age (especially Virgil), whose favourite he grew more particularly from the time when the Cæsars fancied to derive their pedigree from Troy.

V. 80. *Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre*] It is ingeniously remarked by Dacier, that Homer, who celebrates the Greeks for their long hair [καρηκομοωντας Αχαιους] and Achilles for his skill on the harp, makes Hector in this place object them both to Paris. The Greeks nourished their hair to appear more dreadful to the enemy, and Paris to please the eyes of women. Achilles sung to his harp the acts of heroes, and Paris the amours of lovers. The same reason which makes Hector here displeased at them, made Alexander afterwards refuse to see this lyre of Paris, when offered to be shewn to him, as Plutarch relates the story in his oration of the fortune of Alexander.

V. 83. *One avenging blow.*] It is in the Greek, 'You had been clad in a coat of stone.' Giphanius would have it to mean, stoned to death on the account of his adultery: but this does not appear to have been the punishment of that crime among the Phrygians. It seems rather to signify, destroyed by the fury of the people, for the war he had brought upon them; or perhaps may imply no

more than being laid in his grave under a monument of stones; but the former being the stronger sense, is here followed.

V. 108. *Much fam'd for gen'rous steeds, for beauty more.*] The original is, Αργος ες ιπποβοτον, και Αχαιιδα καλλιγυναικα. Perhaps this line is translated too close to the letter, and the epithets might have been omitted. But there are some traits and particularities of this nature, which methinks preserve to the reader the air of Homer. At least the latter of these circumstances, that 'Greece was eminent for beautiful women,' seems not improper to be mentioned by him who had raised a war on the account of a 'Grecian beauty.'

V. 123. *Hear, all ye Trojans, all ye Grecian bands.*] It has been asked how the different nations could understand one another in these conferences, since we have no mention in Homer of any interpreter between them? He who was so very particular in the most minute points, can hardly be thought to have been negligent in this. Some reasons may be offered that they both spoke the same language; for the Trojans (as may be seen in Dion. Halic. lib. i.) were of Grecian extraction originally. Dardanus the first of their kings was born in Arcadia; and even their names were originally Greek, as Hector, Anchises, Andromache, Astyanax, &c. Of the last of these in particular, Homer gives us a derivation which is purely Greek, in Il. vi. v. 403. But however it be, this is no more (as Dacier somewhere observes) than the just privilege of poetry. Æneas and Turnus understand each other in Virgil, and the language of the poet is supposed to be universally intelligible, not only between different countries, but between earth and heaven itself.

V. 141. *Two lambs devoted.*] The Trojans (says the old scholiast) were required to sacrifice two lambs; one male, of a white colour, to the sun; and one female, and black, to the earth: as the sun is father of light, and the earth the mother and nurse of men. The Greeks were to offer a third to Jupiter, perhaps to Jupiter Xenius, because the Trojans had broke the laws of hospitality: on which account we find Menelaüs afterwards invoking him in the combat with Paris. That these were the powers to which they sacrificed, appears by their being attested by name in the oath, v. 346, &c.

V. 165. *Meantime to beauteous Helen*, &c.] The following part, where we have the first sight of Helena, is what I cannot think inferior to any in the poem. The reader has naturally an aversion to this pernicious beauty, and is apt enough to wonder at the Greeks for endeavouring to recover her at such an expence. But her amiable behaviour here, the secret wishes that rise in favour of her rightful lord, her tenderness for her parents and relations, the relentings of her soul for the mischiefs her beauty had been the cause of, the confusion she appears in, the veiling her face, and dropping a tear; are particulars so beautifully natural, as to make every reader, no less than Menelaüs himself, inclined to forgive her at least, if not to love her. We are afterwards confirmed in this partiality by the sentiment of the old counsellors upon the sight of her, which one would think Homer put into their mouths with that very view: we excuse her no more than Priam does himself, and all those do who felt the calamities she occasioned: and this regard for her is heightened by all she says herself; in which there is scarce a word that is not big with repentance and good-nature.

V. 201. *Like grasshoppers.*] This is one of the justest and most natural images in the world, though there have been critics of so little taste as to object to it as a mean one. The garrulity so common to old men, their delight in associating with each other, the feeble sound of their voices, the pleasure they take in a sunshiny day, the effects of decay in their chillness, leanness, and scarcity of blood, are all circumstances exactly paralleled in this comparison. To make it yet more proper to the old men of Troy, Eustathius has observed that Homer found a hint for this simile in the Trojan story, where Tithon was feigned to have been transformed into a grasshopper in his old age, perhaps on account of his being so exhausted by years as to have nothing left him but voice. Spondanus wonders that Homer should apply to grasshoppers οπα λειριοεσσαν, 'a sweet voice;' whereas that of these animals is harsh and untuneful: and he is contented to come off with a very poor evasion of 'Homero fingere quidlibet fas fuit.' But Hesychius rightly observes that λειριος signifies ἁπαλος, 'tener' or 'gracilis,' as well as 'suavis.' The sense is

certainly much better, and the simile more truly preserved by this interpretation, which is here followed in translating it 'feeble.' However it may be alledged in defence of the common versions, and of Madam Dacier's (who has turned it Harmonieuse) that though Virgil gives the epithet 'raucæ' to Cicadæ, yet the Greek poets frequently describe the grasshopper as a musical creature, particularly Anacreon and Theocritus, Idyl. i. where a shepherd praises another's singing, by telling him,

Τερπίγ' ὅπερ τυγε φερτερον ᾄδεις·

It is remarkable that Mr. Hobbes has omitted this beautiful simile.

V 236. *Great in the war, and great in arts of sway.*] This was the verse which Alexander the Great preferred to all others in Homer, and which he proposed as the pattern of his own actions, as including whatever can be desired in a prince. Plut. Orat. de fort. Alex. 1.

V. 271. *I knew their persons,* &c.] This passage concerning the different eloquence of Menelaüs and Ulysses is inexpressibly just and beautiful. The close laconic conciseness of the one is finely opposed to the copious, vehement, and penetrating oratory of the other; which is so exquisitely described in the simile of the snow falling fast, and sinking deep. For it is in this the beauty of the comparison consists, according to Quintilian, l. xii. c. 10. 'In Ulysse facundiam et magnitudinem junxit, cui orationem nivibus hybernis copiâ verborum atque impetu parem tribuit.' We may set in the same light with these the character of Nestor's eloquence, which consisted in softness and persuasiveness, and is therefore (in contradistinction to this of Ulysses) compared to honey which drops gently and slowly; a manner of speech extremely natural to a benevolent old man, such as Nestor is represented.

V. 280. *His modest eyes,* &c.] This behaviour of Ulysses is copied by Ovid, Met. 13.

'Astitit atque oculos parum tellure moratos
Sustulit'——

What follows in the Greek, translated word for word, runs thus:

'He seemed like a fool, you would have thought him in a rage, or a madman.' How oddly this would appear in our language, I appeal to those who have read Ogilby. The whole period means no more than to describe that behaviour which is commonly remarked in a modest and sensible man, who speaks in public: his diffidence and respect give him at his first rising a sort of confusion, which is not indecent, and which serves but the more to heighten the surprise and esteem of those who hear him.

V. 361. *And ev'ry age record the signal day.*] Ἠτε και εσσομενοισι μετ' ανθρωποισι πεπιθοι. This seems the natural sense of the line, and not, as Madam Dacier renders it, 'The tribute shall be paid to the posterity of the Greeks for ever.' I think she is single in that explication, the majority of the interpreters taking it to signify that the victory of the Grecians and this pecuniary acknowledgment 'should be recorded to all posterity.'

V. 447. *The brittle steel, unfaithful to his hand, broke short*—] This verse is cut, to express the thing it describes, the snapping short of the sword. It is the observation of Eustathius on this line of the original, that we do not only see the action, but imagine we hear the sound of the breaking sword in that of the words, Τριχθα τε και τετραχθα διαιρυφεν εγχεος χειρος. And that Homer designed it, may appear from his having twice put in the Θητα (which was a letter unnecessary) to cause this harshness in the verse. As this beauty could not be preserved in our language, it is endeavoured in the translation to supply it with something parallel.

V. 553. *When first entranc'd in Cranaë's isle.*] It is in the original Νησω δ' εν Κραναη εμιγην Φιλοτητι, και ευνη. The true sense of which is expressed in the translation. I cannot but take notice of a small piece of prudery in Madam Dacier, who is exceedingly careful of Helen's character. She turns this passage as if Paris had only her 'consent to be her husband' in this island. Pausanias explains this line in another manner, and tells us it was here that Paris had first the enjoyment of her; that in gratitude for his happiness he built a temple of Venus Migonitis, the mingler or coupler, and that the neighbouring coast where it was erected was called Migonian from μιγναι, 'à miscando.' Paus. Laconicis.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE, AND THE FIRST BATTLE.

THE gods deliberate in council concerning the Trojan war: they agree upon the continuation of it, and Jupiter sends down Minerva to break the truce. She persuades Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaüs, who is wounded, but cured by Machaon. In the mean time some of the Trojan troops attack the Greeks. Agamemnon is distinguished in all the parts of a good general; he reviews the troops, and exhorts the leaders, some by praises and others by reproofs. Nestor is particularly celebrated for his military discipline. The battle joins, and great numbers are slain on both sides.

The same day continues through this, as through the last book (as it does also through the two following, and almost to the end of the seventh book). The scene is wholly in the field before Troy.

Painted by T. Stothard. *Engraved by Ja.s Fittler.*

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BOOK IV.

And now Olympus' shining gates unfold;
The gods, with Jove, assume their thrones of gold:
Immortal Hebè, fresh with bloom divine,
The golden goblet crowns with purple wine:
While the full bowls flow round, the pow'rs employ
Their careful eyes on long-contended Troy.
When Jove, dispos'd to tempt Saturnia's spleen,
Thus wak'd the fury of his partial queen.
Two pow'rs divine the son of Atreus aid,
Imperial Juno, and the martial maid;
But high in heav'n they sit, and gaze from far
The tame spectators of his deeds of war.
Not thus fair Venus helps her favour'd knight,
The queen of pleasures shares the toils of fight,
Each danger wards, and constant in her care
Saves in the moment of the last despair.
Her act has rescu'd Paris' forfeit life,
Though great Atrides gain'd the glorious strife.
Then say, ye pow'rs! what signal issue waits
To crown this deed, and finish all the fates?

Shall heav'n by peace the bleeding kingdoms spare,
Or rouse the furies, and awake the war?
Yet, would the gods for human good provide,
Atrides soon might gain his beauteous bride,
Still Priam's walls in peaceful honours grow,
And through his gates the crowding nations flow.
Thus while he spoke, the queen of heav'n, enrag'd,
And queen of war, in close consult engag'd:
Apart they sit, their deep designs employ,
And meditate the future woes of Troy.
Though secret anger swell'd Minerva's breast,
The prudent goddess yet her wrath supprest;
But Juno, impotent of passion, broke
Her sullen silence, and with fury spoke.
Shall then, O tyrant of th' ethereal reign!
My schemes, my labours, and my hopes be vain?
Have I, for this, shook Ilion with alarms,
Assembled nations, set two worlds in arms?
To spread the war, I flew from shore to shore;
Th' immortal coursers scarce the labour bore.
At length ripe vengeance o'er their heads impends,
But Jove himself the faithless race defends:
Loth as thou art to punish lawless lust,
Not all the gods are partial and unjust.

The sire whose thunder shakes the cloudy skies,
Sighs from his inmost soul, and thus replies:
Oh lasting rancour! oh insatiate hate
To Phrygia's monarch, and the Phrygian state!
What high offence has fir'd the wife of Jove,
Can wretched mortals harm the pow'rs above,
That Troy and Troy's whole race thou wouldst confound,
And yon fair structures level with the ground?
Haste, leave the skies, fulfil thy stern desire,
Burst all her gates, and wrap her walls in fire!
Let Priam bleed! if yet you thirst for more,
Bleed all his sons, and Ilion float with gore;
To boundless vengeance the wide realm be giv'n,
Till vast destruction glut the queen of heav'n!
So let it be, and Jove his peace enjoy,
When heav'n no longer hears the name of Troy.
But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate
On thy lov'd realms, whose guilt demands their fate,
Presume not thou the lifted bolt to stay,
Remember Troy, and give the vengeance way.
For know, of all the num'rous towns that rise
Beneath the rolling sun and starry skies,
Which gods have rais'd, or earth-born men enjoy,
None stands so dear to Jove as sacred Troy.

No mortals merit more distinguish'd grace
Than godlike Priam, or than Priam's race.
Still to our name their hecatombs expire,
And altars blaze with unextinguish'd fire.

At this the goddess roll'd her radiant eyes,
Then on the thund'rer fix'd them, and replies:
Three towns are Juno's on the Grecian plains,
More dear than all th' extended earth contains,
Mycenæ, Argos, and the Spartan wall;
These thou may'st raze, nor I forbid their fall:
'Tis not in me the vengeance to remove;
The crime's sufficient that they share my love.
Of pow'r superior why should I complain?
Resent I may, but must resent in vain.
Yet some distinction Juno might require,
Sprung with thyself from one celestial sire,
A goddess born to share the realms above,
And styl'd the consort of the thund'ring Jove;
Nor thou a wife and sister's right deny;
Let both consent, and both by turns comply;
So shall the gods our joint decrees obey,
And heav'n shall act as we direct the way.
See ready Pallas waits thy high commands,
To raise in arms the Greek and Phrygian bands;

Their sudden friendship by her arts may cease,
And the proud Trojans first infringe the peace:
The sire of men, and monarch of the sky,
Th' advice approv'd, and bade Minerva fly,
Dissolve the league, and all her arts employ
To make the breach the faithless act of Troy.
Fir'd with the charge, she headlong urg'd her flight,
And shot like lightning from Olympus' height.
As the red comet, from Saturnius sent
To fright the nations with a dire portent,
(A fatal sign to armies on the plain,
Or trembling sailors on the wintry main)
With sweeping glories glides along in air,
And shakes the sparkles from its blazing hair:
Between both armies thus, in open sight,
Shot the bright goddess in a trail of light.
With eyes erect the gazing hosts admire
The pow'r descending, and the heav'ns on fire!
The gods (they cry'd) the gods this signal sent,
And fate now labours with some vast event:
Jove seals the league, or bloodier scenes prepares;
Jove, the great arbiter of peace and wars!
They said, while Pallas thro' the Trojan throng
(In shape a mortal) pass'd disguis'd along.

Like bold Laödocus, her course she bent,
Who from Antenor trac'd his high descent.
Amidst the ranks Lycäon's son she found,
The warlike Pandarus, for strength renown'd;
Whose squadrons, led from black Æsepus' flood,
With flaming shields in martial circle stood.

To him the goddess: Phrygian! canst thou hear
A well-tim'd counsel with a willing ear?
What praise were thine, couldst thou direct thy dart,
Amidst his triumph, to the Spartan's heart?
What gifts from Troy, from Paris wouldst thou gain,
Thy country's foe, the Grecian glory slain?
Then seize th' occasion, dare the mighty deed,
Aim at his breast, and may that aim succeed!
But first, to speed the shaft, address thy vow
To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow,
And swear the firstlings of thy flock to pay,
On Zelia's altars, to the god of day.

He heard, and madly at the motion pleas'd,
His polish'd bow with hasty rashness seiz'd.
'Twas form'd of horn, and smooth'd with artful toil;
A mountain goat resign'd the shining spoil,
Who pierc'd long since beneath his arrows bled;
The stately quarry on the cliffs lay dead,
And sixteen palms his brow's large honours spread:

The workman join'd, and shap'd the bended horns,
And beaten gold each taper point adorns.
This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends,
Screen'd by the shields of his surrounding friends.
There meditates the mark; and, couching low,
Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.
One from a hundred feather'd deaths he chose,
Fated to wound, and cause of future woes.
Then offers vows with hecatombs to crown
Apollo's altars in his native town.

Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,
Drawn to an arch, and joins the doubling ends;
Close to his breast he strains the nerve below,
Till the barb'd point approach the circling bow;
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing;
Sounds the tough horn, and twangs the quiv'ring string.

But thee, Atrides! in that dang'rous hour
The gods forget not, nor thy guardian pow'r.
Pallas assists, and (weaken'd in its force)
Diverts the weapon from its destin'd course:
So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts th' envenom'd fly.
Just where his belt with golden buckles join'd,
Where linen folds the double cors'let lin'd,

She turn'd the shaft, which, hissing from above,
Pass'd the broad belt, and thro' the cors'let drove;
The folds it pierc'd, the plaited linen tore,
And raz'd the skin, and drew the purple gore.
As when some stately trappings are decreed
To grace a monarch on his bounding steed,
A nymph in Caria or Mæonia bred,
Stains the pure iv'ry with a lively red;
With equal lustre various colours vie,
The shining whiteness, and the Tyrian dye:
So, great Atrides! show'd thy sacred blood,
As down thy snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood.
With horror seiz'd, the king of men descry'd
The shaft infix'd, and saw the gushing tide:
Nor less the Spartan fear'd, before he found
The shining barb appear above the wound.
Then, with a sigh, that heav'd his manly breast,
The royal brother thus his grief exprest,
And grasp'd his hand; while all the Greeks around
With answ'ring sighs return'd the plaintive sound.
Oh, dear as life! did I for this agree
The solemn truce, a fatal truce to thee!
Wert thou expos'd to all the hostile train,
To fight for Greece, and conquer, to be slain?

The race of Trojans in thy ruin join,
And faith is scorn'd by all the perjur'd line.
Not thus our vows, confirm'd with wine and gore,
Those hands we plighted, and those oaths we swore,
Shall all be vain: when heav'n's revenge is slow,
Jove but prepares to strike the fiercer blow.
The day shall come, that great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's pow'rs and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.
I see the god, already, from the pole
Bare his red arm, and bid the thunder roll;
I see th' eternal all his fury shed,
And shake his ægis o'er their guilty head.
Such mighty woes on perjur'd princes wait;
But thou, alas! deserv'st a happier fate.
Still must I mourn the period of thy days,
And only mourn, without my share of praise?
Depriv'd of thee, the heartless Greeks no more
Shall dream of conquests on the hostile shore;
Troy seiz'd of Helen, and our glory lost,
Thy bones shall moulder on a foreign coast:
While some proud Trojan thus insulting cries,
(And spurns the dust where Menelaüs lies);

'Such are the trophies Greece from Ilion brings,
And such the conquests of her king of kings!
Lo his proud vessels scatter'd o'er the main,
And, unreveng'd, his mighty brother slain.'
Oh! ere that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,
O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a monarch's shame.

He said: a leader's and a brother's fears
Possess his soul, which thus the Spartan cheers:
Let not thy words the warmth of Greece abate;
The feeble dart is guiltless of my fate:
Stiff with the rich embroider'd work around,
My vary'd belt repell'd the flying wound.

To whom the king: My brother and my friend,
Thus, always thus, may heav'n thy life defend!
Now seek some skilful hand, whose pow'rful art
May stanch th' effusion, and extract the dart.
Herald, be swift, and bid Machaön bring
His speedy succour to the Spartan king;
Pierc'd with a winged shaft (the deed of Troy)
The Grecian's sorrow, and the Dardan's joy.

With hasty zeal the swift Talthybius flies;
Through the thick files he darts his searching eyes,
And finds Machaön, where sublime he stands

Then thus: Machaön, to the king repair,
His wounded brother claims thy timely care;
Pierc'd by some Lycian or Dardanian bow,
A grief to us, a triumph to the foe.

The heavy tidings griev'd the godlike man;
Swift to his succour through the ranks he ran:
The dauntless king yet standing firm he found,
And all the chiefs in deep concern around.
Where to the steely point the reed was join'd,
The shaft he drew, but left the head behind.
Straight the broad belt with gay embroid'ry grac'd,
He loos'd; the cors'let from his breast unbrac'd;
Then suck'd the blood, and sov'reign balm infus'd,
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius us'd.

While round the prince the Greeks employ their care,
The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war;
Once more they glitter in refulgent arms,
Once more the fields are fill'd with dire alarms.

Nor had you seen the king of men appear
Confus'd, unactive, or surpriz'd with fear;
But fond of glory, with severe delight,
His beating bosom claim'd the rising fight.
No longer with his warlike steeds he stay'd,
Or press'd the car with polish'd brass inlay'd:

But left Eurymedon the reins to guide;
The fiery coursers snorted at his side.
On foot through all the martial ranks he moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves.
Brave men! he cries (to such who boldly dare
Urge their swift steeds to face the coming war)
Your ancient valour on the foes approve;
Jove is with Greece, and let us trust in Jove.
'Tis not for us, but guilty Troy to dread,
Whose crimes sit heavy on her perjur'd head;
Her sons and matrons Greece shall lead in chains,
And her dead warriors strow the mournful plains.
Thus with new ardour he the brave inspires;
Or thus the fearful with reproaches fires:
Shame to your country, scandal of your kind!
Born to the fate ye well deserve to find!
Why stand ye gazing round the dreadful plain,
Prepar'd for flight, but doom'd to fly in vain?
Confus'd and panting thus, the hunted deer
Falls as he flies, a victim to his fear.
Still must ye wait the foes, and still retire,
Till yon tall vessels blaze with Trojan fire?
Or trust ye, Jove a valiant foe shall chace,
To save a trembling, heartless, dastard race?

This said, he stalk'd with ample strides along,
To Crete's brave monarch and his martial throng;
High at their head he saw the chief appear,
And bold Meriones excite the rear.
At this the king his gen'rous joy exprest,
And clasp'd the warrior to his armed breast.
Divine Idomeneus! what thanks we owe
To worth like thine! what praise shall we bestow?
To thee the foremost honours are decreed,
First in the fight and ev'ry graceful deed.
For this, in banquets, when the gen'rous bowls
Restore our blood and raise the warriors' souls,
Though all the rest with stated rules we bound,
Unmix'd, unmeasur'd, are thy goblets crown'd.
Be still thyself; in arms a mighty name;
Maintain thy honours, and enlarge thy fame.
To whom the Cretan thus his speech addrest:
Secure of me, O king! exhort the rest:
Fix'd to thy side, in ev'ry toil I share,
Thy firm associate in the day of war.
But let the signal be this moment giv'n;
To mix in fight is all I ask of heav'n.
The field shall prove how perjuries succeed,
And chains or death avenge their impious deed.

Charm'd with this heat, the king his course pursues,
And next the troops of either Ajax views:
In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
Thus from the lofty promontory's brow
A swain surveys the gath'ring storm below;
Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
Spread in dim streams, and sail along the skies,
Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
The cloud condensing as the west-wind blows:
He dreads th' impending storm, and drives his flock
To the close covert of an arching rock.

Such, and so thick, th'embattled squadrons stood,
With spears erect, a moving iron wood;
A shady light was shot from glimm'ring shields,
And their brown arms obscur'd the dusky fields.

O heroes! worthy such a dauntless train,
Whose godlike virtue we but urge in vain,
(Exclaim'd the king) who raise your eager bands
With great examples, more than loud commands.
Ah would the gods but breathe in all the rest
Such souls as burn in your exalted breast!
Soon should our arms with just success be crown'd,
And Troy's proud walls lie smoaking on the ground.

Then to the next the gen'ral bends his course;
(His heart exults, and glories in his force)
There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands,
And with inspiring eloquence commands;
With strictest order sets his train in arms,
The chiefs advises, and the soldiers warms.
Alastor, Chromius, Hæmon, round him wait,
Bias the good, and Pelagon the great.
The horse and chariots to the front assign'd,
The foot (the strength of war) he rang'd behind;
The middle space suspected troops supply,
Inclos'd by both, nor left the pow'r to fly;
He gives command to curb the fiery steed,
Nor cause confusion, nor the ranks exceed:
Before the rest let none too rashly ride;
No strength nor skill, but just in time, be try'd:
The charge once made, no warrior turn the rein,
But fight, or fall; a firm embody'd train.
He whom the fortune of the field shall cast
From forth his chariot, mount the next in haste;
Nor seek unpractis'd to direct the car,
Content with jav'lins to provoke the war.
Our great forefathers held this prudent course,
Thus rul'd their ardour, thus preserv'd their force;

By laws like these immortal conquests made,
And earth's proud tyrants low in ashes laid.
So spoke the master of the martial art,
And touch'd with transport great Atrides' heart.
Oh! hadst thou strength to match thy brave desires,
And nerves to second what thy soul inspires!
But wasting years, that wither human race,
Exhaust thy spirits, and thy arms unbrace.
What once thou wert, oh ever might'st thou be!
And age the lot of any chief but thee.
Thus to th' experienc'd prince Atrides cry'd;
He shook his hoary locks, and thus reply'd.
Well might I wish, could mortal wish renew
That strength which once in boiling youth I knew;
Such as I was, when Ereuthalion slain
Beneath this arm fell prostrate on the plain.
But heav'n its gifts not all at once bestows,
These years with wisdom crowns, with action those:
The field of combat fits the young and bold,
The solemn council best becomes the old:
To you the glorious conflict I resign,
Let sage advice, the palm of age, be mine.
He said. With joy the monarch march'd before,
And found Menestheus on the dusty shore,

With whom the firm Athenian phalanx stands;
And next Ulysses, with his subject bands.
Remote their forces lay, nor knew so far
The peace infring'd, nor heard the sounds of war;
The tumult late begun, they stood intent
To watch the motion, dubious of th' event.
The king, who saw their squadrons yet unmov'd,
With hasty ardour thus the chiefs reprov'd.
Can Peteus' son forget a warrior's part,
And fears Ulysses, skill'd in ev'ry art?
Why stand you distant, and the rest expect
To mix in combat which yourselves neglect?
From you 'twas hop'd among the first to dare
The shock of armies, and commence the war.
For this your names are called, before the rest,
To share the pleasures of the genial feast:
And can you, chiefs! without a blush survey
Whole troops before you lab'ring in the fray?
Say, is it thus those honours you requite?
The first in banquets, but the last in fight.
Ulysses heard: the hero's warmth o'erspread
His cheek with blushes: and, severe, he said:
Take back th' unjust reproach! Behold we stand
Sheath'd in bright arms, and but expect command.

If glorious deeds afford thy soul delight,
Behold me plunging in the thickest fight.
Then give thy warrior-chief a warrior's due,
Who dares to act whate'er thou dar'st to view.
  Struck with his gen'rous wrath the king replies:
O great in action, and in council wise!
Witk ours, thy care and ardour are the same,
Nor need I to command, nor ought to blame.
Sage as thou art, and learn'd in human kind,
Forgive the transport of a martial mind.
Haste to the fight, secure of just amends;
The gods that make, shall keep the worthy, friends.
  He said, and pass'd where great Tydides lay,
His steeds and chariots wedg'd in firm array;
(The warlike Sthenelus attends his side)
To whom with stern reproach the monarch cry'd:
O son of Tydeus! (he, whose strength could tame
The bounding steed, in arms a mighty name)
Canst thou, remote, the mingling hosts descry,
With hands unactive, and a careless eye?
Not thus thy sire the fierce encounter fear'd;
Still first in front the matchless prince appear'd:
What glorious toils, what wonders they recite,
Who view'd him lab'ring thro' the ranks of fight!

I saw him once, when gath'ring martial pow'rs,
A peaceful guest, he sought Mycenæ's tow'rs;
Armies he ask'd, and armies had been giv'n,
Not we denied, but Jove forbade from heav'n;
While dreadful comets glaring from afar
Forewarn'd the horrors of the Theban war.
Next, sent by Greece from where Asopus flows,
A fearless envoy, he approach'd the foes;
Thebe's hostile walls, unguarded and alone,
Dauntless he enters, and demands the throne.
The tyrant feasting with his chiefs he found,
And dar'd to combat all those chiefs around;
Dar'd, and subdu'd, before their haughty lord;
For Pallas strung his arm, and edg'd his sword.
Stung with the shame, within the winding way,
To bar his passage fifty warriors lay;
Two heroes led the secret squadron on,
Mæon the fierce, and hardy Lycophon;
Those fifty slaughter'd in the gloomy vale,
He spar'd but one to bear the dreadful tale.
Such Tydeus was, and such his martial fire;
Gods! how the son degen'rates from the sire!
No words the godlike Diomed return'd,
But heard respectful, and in secret burn'd:

Not so fierce Capaneus' undaunted son;
Stern as his sire, the boaster thus begun.
What needs, O monarch, this invidious praise,
Ourselves to lessen, while our sires you raise?
Dare to be just, Atrides! and confess
Our valour equal, though our fury less.
With fewer troops we storm'd the Theban wall,
And happier saw the sev'nfold city fall.
In impious acts the guilty fathers died;
The sons subdu'd, for heav'n was on their side.
Far more than heirs of all our parents' fame,
Our glories darken their diminish'd name.
To him Tydides thus. My friend, forbear,
Suppress thy passion, and the king revere:
His high concern may well excuse this rage,
Whose cause we follow, and whose war we wage;
His the first praise, were Ilion's tow'rs o'erthrown,
And, if we fail, the chief disgrace his own.
Let him the Greeks to hardy toils excite,
'Tis ours to labour in the glorious fight.
He spoke, and ardent, on the trembling ground
Sprung from his car; his ringing arms resound.
Dire was the clang, and dreadful from afar,
Of arm'd Tydides rushing to the war.

As when the winds, ascending by degrees,
First move the whit'ning surface of the seas,
The billows float in order to the shore,
The wave behind rolls on the wave before;
Till, with the growing storm, the deeps arise,
Foam o'er the rocks, and thunder to the skies.
So to the fight the thick battalions throng,
Shields urg'd on shields, and men drove men along.
Sedate and silent move the num'rous bands;
No sound, no whisper, but the chief's commands,
Those only heard; with awe the rest obey,
As if some god had snatch'd their voice away.
Not so the Trojans; from their host ascends
A gen'ral shout that all the region rends.
As when the fleecy flocks unnumber'd stand
In wealthy folds, and wait the milker's hand,
The hollow vales incessant bleating fills,
The lambs reply from all the neighb'ring hills:
Such clamours rose from various nations round,
Mix'd was the murmur, and confus'd the sound.
Each host now joins, and each a god inspires,
These Mars incites, and those Minerva fires.
Pale flight around, and dreadful terror reign;
And discord raging bathes the purple plain;

Discord! dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r,
Small at her birth, but rising ev'ry hour,
While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;
The nations bleed where'er her steps she turns,
The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.
Now shield with shield, with helmet helmet clos'd,
To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,
Host against host with shadowy squadrons drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,
Victors and vanquish'd join'd promiscuous cries,
And shrilling shouts and dying groans arise;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.
As torrents roll, increas'd by num'rous rills,
With rage impetuous down their echoing hills;
Rush to the vales, and, pour'd along the plain,
Roar through a thousand channels to the main;
The distant shepherd trembling hears the sound:
So mix both hosts, and so their cries rebound.
The bold Antilochus the slaughter led,
The first who struck a valiant Trojan dead:
At great Echepolus the lance arrives,
Raz'd his high crest, and through his helmet drives;

Warm'd in the brain the brazen weapon lies,
And shades eternal settle o'er his eyes.
So sinks a tow'r, that long assaults had stood
Of force and fire, its walls besmear'd with blood.
Him, the bold leader of th' Abantian throng
Seiz'd to despoil, and dragg'd the corpse along:
But while he strove to tug th' inserted dart,
Agenor's jav'lin reach'd the hero's heart.
His flank, unguarded by his ample shield,
Admits the lance: he falls, and spurns the field;
The nerves, unbrac'd, support his limbs no more;
The soul comes floating in a tide of gore.
Trojans and Greeks now gather round the slain;
The war renews, the warriors bleed again:
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man dies on man, and all is blood and rage.
In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell:
Fair Simoïsius, whom his mother bore
Amid the flocks on silver Simois' shore:
The nymph descending from the hills of Ide,
To seek her parents on his flow'ry side,
Brought forth the babe, their common care and joy,
And thence from Simois nam'd the lovely boy.

Short was his date! by dreadful Ajax slain,
He falls, and renders all their cares in vain!
So falls a poplar, that in wat'ry ground
Rais'd high the head, with stately branches crown'd,
(Fell'd by some artist with his shining steel,
To shape the circle of the bending wheel)
Cut down it lies, tall, smooth, and largely spread,
With all its beauteous honours on its head;
There, left a subject to the wind and rain,
And scorch'd by suns, it withers on the plain.
Thus pierc'd by Ajax, Simoïsius lies
Stretch'd on the shore, and thus neglected dies.
At Ajax, Antiphus his jav'lin threw;
The pointed lance with erring fury flew,
And Leucus, lov'd by wise Ulysses, slew.
He drops the corpse of Simoïsius slain,
And sinks a breathless carcase on the plain.
This saw Ulysses, and with grief enrag'd
Strode where the foremost of the foes engag'd;
Arm'd with his spear, he meditates the wound,
In act to throw; but cautious, look'd around.
Struck at his sight the Trojans backward drew,
And trembling heard the jav'lin as it flew.
A chief stood nigh, who from Abydos came,
Old Priam's son, Democoön was his name;

The weapon enter'd close above his ear,
Cold through his temples glides the whizzing spear;
With piercing shrieks the youth resigns his breath,
His eye-balls darken with the shades of death;
Pond'rous he falls; his clanging arms resound;
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
Seiz'd with affright the boldest foes appear;
E'en godlike Hector seems himself to fear;
Slow he gave way, the rest tumultuous fled;
The Greeks with shouts press on, and spoil the dead;
But Phœbus now from Ilion's tow'ring height
Shines forth reveal'd, and animates the fight.
Trojans, be bold, and force with force oppose;
Your foaming steeds urge headlong on the foes!
Nor are their bodies rocks, nor ribb'd with steel;
Your weapons enter, and your strokes they feel.
Have ye forgot what seem'd your dread before?
The great, the fierce Achilles fights no more.
Apollo thus from Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
Array'd in terrors, rous'd the Trojan pow'rs:
While war's fierce goddess fires the Grecian foe,
And shouts and thunders in the fields below.
Then great Diores fell, by doom divine,
In vain his valour and illustrious line.

A broken rock the force of Pirus threw,
(Who from cold Ænus led the Thracian crew)
Full on his ancle dropt the pond'rous stone,
Burst the strong nerves, and crash'd the solid bone:
Supine he tumbles on the crimson sands,
Before his helpless friends, and native bands,
And spreads for aid his unavailing hands.
The foe rush'd furious as he pants for breath,
And through his navel drove the pointed death:
His gushing entrails smoak'd upon the ground,
And the warm life came issuing from the wound.
His lance bold Thoas at the conqu'ror sent,
Deep in his breast above the pap it went,
Amid the lungs was fix'd the winged wood,
And quiv'ring in his heaving bosom stood:
Till from the dying chief, approaching near,
Th'Ætolian warrior tugg'd his weighty spear:
Then sudden wav'd his flaming falchion round,
And gash'd his belly with a ghastly wound;
The corpse now breathless on the bloody plain,
To spoil his arms the victor strove in vain;
The Thracian bands against the victor prest;
A grove of lances glitter'd at his breast.
Stern Thoas, glaring with revengeful eyes,
In sullen fury slowly quits the prize.

Thus fell two heroes; one the pride of Thrace,
And one the leader of th' Epean race;
Death's sable shade at once o'ercast their eyes,
In dust the vanquish'd, and the victor lies.
With copious slaughter all the fields are red,
And heap'd with growing mountains of the dead.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play;
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expir'd.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK IV.

V. 9. *Two pow'rs divine.*] Jupiter's reproaching these two goddesses with neglecting to assist Menelaüs, proceeds (as M. Dacier remarks) from the affection he bore to Troy: since, if Menelaüs by their help had gained a complete victory, the siege had been raised, and the city delivered. On the contrary, Juno and Minerva might suffer Paris to escape, as the method to continue the war to the total destruction of Troy. And accordingly a few lines after we find them complotting together, and contriving a new scene of miseries to the Trojans.

V. 61. *But should this arm prepare to wreak our hate*
On thy lov'd realms——]

Homer in this place has made Jupiter to prophesy the destruction of Mycenæ the favour'd city of Juno, which happened a little before the time of our author. Strab. l. viii. 'The Trojan war being over, and the kingdom of Agamemnon destroyed, Mycenæ daily decreased after the return of the Heraclidæ: for these becoming masters of Peloponnesus, cast out the old inhabitants; so that they who possessed Argos overcame Mycenæ also, and contracted both into one body. A short time after, Mycenæ was destroyed by the Argives, and not the least remains of it are now to be found.'

V. 96. *Th' advice approv'd.*] This is one of the places for which Homer is blamed by Plato, who introduces Socrates reprehending it in his dialogue of the Republic. And indeed if it were granted that the Trojans had no right to break this treaty, the present machine, where Juno is made to propose perjury, Jupiter to allow it, and Minerva to be commissioned to hasten the execution of it, would be one of the hardest to be reconciled to reason in the whole poem. Unless even then one might imagine, that Homer's heaven is sometimes no more than an ideal world of abstracted beings; and so every motion which rises in the

mind of man is attributed to the quality to which it belongs, with the name of the deity, who is supposed to preside over that quality, superadded to it: in this sense the present allegory is easy enough. Pandarus thinks it prudence to gain honour and wealth at the hands of the Trojans by destroying Menelaüs. This sentiment is also incited by a notion of glory, of which Juno is represented as goddess. Jupiter, who is supposed to know the thoughts of men, permits the action which he is not author of; but sends a prodigy at the same time to give warning of a coming mischief, and accordingly we find both armies descanting upon the sight of it in the following lines.

V. 120. *Pandarus, for strength renown'd.*] Homer, says Plutarch in his treatise of the Pythian Oracle, makes not the gods to use all persons indifferently as their second agents, but each according to the powers he is endued with by art or nature. For a proof of this, he puts us in mind how Minerva, when she would persuade the Greeks, seeks for Ulysses; when she would break the truce, for Pandarus; and when she would conquer, for Diomed. If we consult the scholia upon this instance, they give several reasons why Pandarus was particularly proper for the occasion. The goddess went not to the Trojans, because they hated Paris, and (as we are told in the end of the foregoing book) would rather have given him up, than have done an ill action for him: she therefore looks among the allies, and finds Pandarus, who was of a nation noted for perfidiousness, and had a soul avaricious enough to be capable of engaging in this treachery for the hopes of a reward from Paris: as appears by his being so covetous as not to bring horses to the siege for fear of the expence or loss of them; as he tells Æneas in the fifth book.

V. 141. *Sixteen palms.*] Both the horns together made this length; and not each, as Madam Dacier renders it. I do not object it as an improbability, that the horns were of sixteen palms each; but that this would be an extravagant and unmanageable size for a bow, is evident.

V. 144. *This, by the Greeks unseen, the warrior bends.*] The poet having held us through the foregoing book in expectation of a peace, makes the conditions be here broken after such a

manner, as should oblige the Greeks to act through the war with that irreconcileable fury which affords him the opportunity of exerting the full fire of his own genius. The shot of Pandarus being therefore of such consequence (and as he calls it, the ἑρμα ὀδυνάων, the 'foundation of future woes') it was thought fit not to pass it over in a few words, like the flight of every common arrow, but to give it a description some way corresponding to its importance. For this, he surrounds it with a train of circumstances; the history of the bow, the bending it, the covering Pandarus with shields, the choice of the arrow, the prayer, and posture of the shooter, the sound of the string, and flight of the shaft; all most beautifully and livelily painted. It may be observed too, how proper a time it was to expatiate in these particulars; when the armies being unemployed, and only one man acting, the poet and his readers had leisure to be the spectators of a single and deliberate action. I think it will be allowed, that the little circumstances, which are sometimes thought too redundant in Homer, have a wonderful beauty in this place.

V. 163. *Wafts th' envenom'd fly.*] This is one of those humble comparisons which Homer sometimes uses to diversify his subject, but a very exact one in its kind, and corresponding in all its parts. The care of the goddess, the unsuspecting security of Menelaüs, the ease with which she diverts the danger, and the danger itself, are all included in this short compass. To which may be added, that if the providence of heavenly powers to their creatures is expressed by the love of a mother to her child, if men in regard to them are but as heedless sleeping infants, and if those dangers which may seem great to us are by them as easily warded off as the simile implies, there will appear something sublime in this conception, however little or low the image may be thought at first sight in respect to a hero. A higher comparison would but have tended to lessen the disparity between the gods and man, and the justness of the simile had been lost, as well as the grandeur of the sentiment.

V. 170. *As when some stately trappings*, &c.] Some have judged the circumstances of this simile to be superfluous, and think it foreign to the purpose to take notice that this ivory was

intended for the bosses of a bridle, was laid up for a prince, or that a woman of Caria or Mæonia dyed it. Eustathius was of a different opinion, who extols this passage for the variety it presents, and the learning it includes: we learn from hence that the Lydians and Carians were famous in the first times for their staining in purple, and that the women excelled in works of ivory; as also that there were certain ornaments which only kings and princes were privileged to wear.

V. 177. *As down thy snowy thigh.*] Homer is very particular here, in giving the picture of the blood running in a long trace, lower and lower, as will appear from the words themselves.

Τοισι τοι Μενελαε μιαινθην αἱματι μηροι
Ευφυεες, κνημαι τ', ηδε σφυρα καλ' ὑπενερθε.

The translator has not thought fit to mention every one of these parts, first the thigh, then the leg, then the foot, which might be tedious in English: but the author's design being only to image the streaming of the blood, it seemed equivalent to make it trickle through the length of an Alexandrine line.

V. 253. *The Trojans rush tumultuous to the war.*] They advanced to the enemy in the belief that the shot of Pandarus was made by order of the generals. Dacier.

V. 256. *Nor had you seen.*] The poet here changes his narration, and turns himself to the reader in an apostrophe. Longinus, in the 22d chapter, commends this figure, as causing a reader to become a spectator, and keeping his mind fixed upon the action before him. The apostrophe (says he) 'renders us more awakened, more attentive, and more full of the things described.' Madam Dacier will have it, that it is the muse who addresses herself to the poet in the second person: it is no great matter which, since it has equally its effect either way.

V. 296. *For this, in banquets.*] The ancients usually in their feasts divided to the guests by equal portions, except when they took some particular occasion to shew distinction, and give the preference to any one person. It was then looked upon as the highest mark of honour to be allotted the best portion of meat and wine, and to be allowed an exemption from the laws of the

feast, in drinking wine unmingled and without stint. This custom was much more ancient than the time of the Trojan war, and we find it practised in the banquet given by Joseph to his brethren in Egypt. Gen. xliii. v. ult. 'And he sent messes to them from before him, but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs.' DACIER.

V. 336. *There rev'rend Nestor ranks his Pylian bands.*] This is the prince whom Homer chiefly celebrates for martial discipline; of the rest he is content to say they were valiant, and ready to fight: the years, long observation, and experience of Nestor, rendered him the fittest person to be distinguished on this account. The disposition of his troops in this place (together with what he is made to say, that their forefathers used the same method) may be a proof that the art of war was well known in Greece before the time of Homer. Nor indeed can it be imagined otherwise, in an age when all the world made their acquisitions by force of arms only.

V. 352. *He whom the fortune of the field shall cast*
From forth his chariot, mount the next—&c.]

The words in the original are capable of four different significations, as Eustathius observes. The first is, that whoever in fighting upon his chariot shall win a chariot from his enemy, he shall continue to fight, and not retire from the engagement to secure his prize. The second, that if any one be thrown out of his chariot, he who happens to be nearest shall hold forth his javelin to help him up into his own. The third is directly the contrary to the last, that if any one be cast from his chariot, and would mount up into another man's, that other shall push him back with his javelin, and not admit him, for fear of interrupting the combat. The fourth is the sense which is followed in the translation, as seeming much the most natural, that every one should be left to govern his own chariot, and the other who is admitted fight only with the javelin. The reason of this advice appears by the speech of Pandarus to Æneas in the next book: Æneas having taken him up in his chariot to go against Diomed, compliments him with the choice either to fight, or to

manage the reins, which was esteemed an office of honour. To this Pandarus answers, that it is more proper for Æneas to guide his own horses; lest they, not feeling their accustomed master, should be ungovernable, and bring them into danger.

V. 430. *I saw him once, when,* &c.] This long narration, concerning the history of Tydeus, is not of the nature of those for which Homer has been blamed with some colour of justice: it is not a cold story, but a warm reproof, while the particularizing the actions of the father is made the highest incentive to the son. Accordingly the air of this speech ought to be inspirited above the common narrative style. As for the story itself, it is finely told by Statius in the second book of the Thebais.

V. 460. *We storm'd the Theban wall.*] The first Theban war, of which Agamemnon spoke in the preceding lines, was seven and twenty years before the war of Troy. Sthenelus here speaks of the second Theban war, which happened ten years after the first: when the sons of the seven captains conquered the city, before which their fathers were destroyed. Tydeus expired gnawing the head of his enemy, and Capaneus was thunder struck while he blasphemed Jupiter. Vid. Stat. Thebaid.

V. 478. *As when the winds,* &c.] This is the first battle in Homer, and it is worthy observation with what grandeur it is described, and raised by one circumstance above another, till all is involved in horror and tumult: the foregoing simile of the winds, rising by degrees into a general tempest, is an image of the progress of his own spirit in this description. We see first an innumerable army moving in order, and are amused with the pomp and silence; then wakened with the noise and clamour; next they join; the adverse gods are let down among them; the imaginary persons of terror, flight, discord, succeed to reinforce them; then all is undistinguished fury, and a confusion of horrors; only that at different openings we behold the distinct deaths of several heroes, and then are involved again in the same confusion.

V. 502. *Discord! dire sister,* &c.] This is the passage so highly extolled by Longinus, as one of the most signal instances of the noble sublimity of this author: where it is said, that the

image here drawn of Discord, 'whose head touched the heavens, and whose feet were on earth,' may as justly be applied to the vast reach and elevation of the genius of Homer. But Mons. Boileau informs us, that neither the quotation nor these words were in the original of Longinus, but partly inserted by Gabriel de Petra. However, the best encomium is, that Virgil has taken it word for word, and applied it to the person of fame.

V. 508. *Now shield with shield,* &c.] The verses which follow in the original are perhaps excelled by none in Homer; and that he had himself a particular fondness for them, may be imagined from his inserting them again in the same words in the eighth book. They are very happily imitated by Statius, lib. vii.

V. 516. *As torrents roll.*] This comparison of rivers meeting and roaring, with two armies mingling in battle, is an image of that nobleness which (to say no more) was worthy the invention of Homer, and the imitation of Virgil.

V. 522. *The bold Antilochus.*] Antilochus the son of Nestor is the first who begins the engagement. It seems as if the old hero having done the greatest service he was capable of at his years, in disposing the troops in the best order (as we have seen before) had taken care to set his son at the head of them, to give him the glory of beginning the battle.

V. 542. *In blooming youth fair Simoïsius fell.*] This prince received his name from the river Simoïs, on whose banks he was born. It was the custom of the eastern people to give names to their children derived from the most remarkable accidents of their birth. The holy scripture is full of examples of this kind. It is also usual in the Old Testament to compare princes to trees, cedars, &c. as Simoïsius is here resembled to a poplar. DACIER.

V. 592. *Achilles fights no more.*] Homer from time to time puts his readers in mind of Achilles, during his absence from the war; and finds occasions of celebrating his valour with the highest praises. There cannot be a greater encomium than this, where Apollo himself tells the Trojans they have nothing to fear, since Achilles fights no longer against them. DACIER.

V. 630. *Had some brave chief.*] The turning off in this place

from the actions of the field, to represent to us a man with security and calmness walking through it, without being able to reprehend any thing in the whole action; this is not only a fine praise of the battle, but as it were a breathing-place to the poetical spirit of the author, after having rapidly run along with the heat of the engagement: he seems like one who having got over a part of his journey, stops upon an eminence to look back upon the space he has passed, and concludes the book with an agreeable pause or respite.

AN ESSAY

ON

HOMER'S BATTLES.

Perhaps it may be necessary in this place, at the opening of Homer's battles, to premise some observations upon them in general. I shall first endeavour to shew the conduct of the poet herein, and next collect some antiquities, that tend to a more distinct understanding of those descriptions which make so large a part of the poem.

One may very well apply to Homer himself, what he says of his heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whosoever should be guided through his battles by Minerva, and pointed to every scene of them, would see nothing through the whole but subjects of surprise and applause. When the reader reflects that no less than the compass of twelve books is taken up in these, he will have reason to wonder by what methods our author could prevent descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that though the subject itself be the same, the actions are always different; that we have now distinct combats, now promiscuous fights, now single duels, now general engagements; or that the scenes are perpetually varied; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the Greeks, now at the ships, now at

the gates of Troy, now at the river Scamander: but we must look farther into the art of the poet, to find the reasons of this astonishing variety.

We may first observe that diversity in the deaths of his warriors, which he has supplied by the vastest fertility of invention. These he distinguishes several ways: sometimes by the characters of the men, their age, office, profession, nation, family, &c. One is a blooming youth, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a priest, whose piety could not save him; one is a sportsman, whom Diana taught in vain; one is the native of a far-distant country, who is never to return; one is descended from a noble line, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable, by his boasting; another by his beseeching; and another, who is distinguished no way else, is marked by his habit, and the singularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies these deaths by the several postures in which his heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly exact, that one may guess from the very position of the combatant whereabouts the wound will light; others so very peculiar and uncommon, that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had searched through all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of Mydon in the fifth book, whose arm being numbed by a blow on the elbow drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being suddenly struck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a soft and deep place; where he sinks up to the shoulders in the

sands, and continues a while fixed by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, till he is trampled down by his horses.

Another cause of this variety is the difference of the wounds that are given in the Iliad: they are by no means like the wounds described by most other poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious places: the heart and head serve for all those in general who understand no anatomy, and sometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its structure, even though the poet is not professedly to write of them as an anatomist; in the same manner as an exact skill in anatomy is necessary to those painters that would excel in drawing the naked, though they are not to make every muscle as visible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from so many passages in Homer that he was perfectly master of this science, that it would be needless to cite any in particular. One may only observe, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has described, though so infinite in number, and so many ways diversified, we shall hardly find one which will contradict this observation.

I must just add a remark, that the various periphrases and circumlocutions by which Homer expresses the single act of dying, have supplied Virgil and the succeeding poets with all the manners of phrasing it.

Indeed he repeats the same verse on that occasion more often than they——τον δε σκοτος οσσ' εκαλυψε ——Αραβησε δε τευχε επ' αυτῳ, &c. But though it must be owned he had more frequent occasions for a line of this kind than any poet, as no other has described half so many deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any sterility of expression, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in those reiterated verses. We find repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred writers, such as 'He was gathered to his people; He slept with his fathers;' and the like. And upon the whole they have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burden of a song, which the ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual horror of combats, and a succession of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the stretch, Homer has been careful to contrive such reliefs and pauses as might divert the mind to some other scene, without losing sight of his principal object. His comparisons are the more frequent on this account; for a comparison serves this end the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the subject. Those critics who fancy that the use of comparisons distracts the attention, and draws it from the first image which should most employ it, (as that we lose the idea of the battle itself, while we are led by a simile to that of a deluge or a storm:) those, I say, may as well imagine we lose the thought of the sun when we see his reflection in the water, where he ap-

pears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease, than if we gazed directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it must sometimes be taken off from the object in order to see it the better. The same critics, that are displeased to have their fancy distracted (as they call it), are yet so inconsistent with themselves as to object to Homer that his similes are too much alike, and are too often derived from the same animal. But is it not more reasonable (according to their own notion) to compare the same man always to the same animal, than to see him sometimes a sun, sometimes a tree, and sometimes a river? Though Homer speaks of the same creature, he so diversifies the circumstances and accidents of the comparisons, that they always appear quite different. And, to say truth, it is not so much the animal or the thing, as the action or posture of them, that employs our imagination: two different animals in the same action are more like to each other, than one and the same animal is to himself in two different actions. And those who in reading Homer are shocked that it is always a lion, may as well be angry that it is always a man.

What may seem more exceptionable, is his inserting the same comparisons, in the same words at length, upon different occasions; by which management he makes one single image afford many ornaments to several parts of the poem. But may not one say Homer is in this like a skilful improver, who places a beautiful statue in a well-disposed garden so as to an-

swer several vistas, and by that artifice one single figure seems multiplied into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be viewed?

What farther relieves and softens these descriptions of battles, is the poet's wonderful art of introducing many pathetic circumstances about the deaths of the heroes, which raise a different movement in the mind from what those images naturally inspire, I mean compassion and pity; when he causes us to look back upon the lost riches, possessions, and hopes of those who die; when he transports us to their native countries and paternal seats, to see the griefs of their aged fathers, the despair and tears of their widows, or the abandoned condition of their orphans. Thus when Protesilaus falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty palaces he left half finished; when the sons of Phænops are killed, we behold the mortifying distress of their wealthy father, who saw his estate divided before his eyes, and taken in trust for strangers. When Axylus dies, we are taught to compassionate the hard fate of that generous and hospitable man, whose house was the house of all men, and who deserved that glorious elogy of 'The friend of human-kind.'

It is worth taking notice too, what use Homer every where makes of each little accident or circumstance that can naturally happen in a battle, thereby to cast a variety over his action; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a hero can possibly feel, such as resentment, revenge, concern, confusion, &c. The former of these makes his work resemble a large

history-piece, where even the less important figures and actions have yet some convenient place or corner to be shewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in those various turns of passion that animate the speeches of his heroes, and render his whole poem the most dramatic of any epic whatsoever.

It must also be observed, that the constant machines of the gods conduce very greatly to vary these long battles, by a continual change of the scene from earth to heaven. Homer perceived them too necessary for this purpose, to abstain from the use of them even after Jupiter had enjoined the deities not to act on either side. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where, if they dare not assist the warriors, at least they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, surprise, and eclat of Homer's battles, or is more perfectly admirable in itself, than that artful manner of taking measure, or (as one may say) gaging his heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one person, by the opposition of it to that of some other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times describes one only to image another, and raises one only to raise another. I cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an instance in the character of Diomed that lies before me. Let us observe by what a scale of oppositions he elevates this hero, in the fifth book, first to excel all human va-

lour, and after to rival the gods themselves. He distinguishes him first from the Grecian captains in general, each of whom he represents conquering a single Trojan, while Diomed constantly encounters two at once; and while they are engaged each in his distinct post, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and slaughtering on every side. Next he opposes him to Pandarus, next to Æneas, and then to Hector. So of the gods, he shews him first against Venus, then Apollo, then Mars, and lastly, in the eighth book, against Jupiter himself in the midst of his thunders. The same conduct is observable more or less in regard to every personage of his work.

This subordination of the heroes is one of the causes that make each of his battles rise above the other in greatness, terror, and importance, to the end of the poem. If Diomed has performed all these wonders in the first combats, it is but to raise Hector, at whose appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battles Hector triumphs not only over Diomed, but over Ajax and Patroclus, sets fire to the fleet, wins the armour of Achilles, and singly eclipses all the heroes; in the midst of all his glory, Achilles appears, and Hector flies, and is slain.

The manner in which his gods are made to act, no less advances the gradation we are speaking of. In the first battles they are seen only in short and separate excursions: Venus assists Paris; Minerva, Diomed; or Mars, Hector. In the next, a clear stage is left for Jupiter, to display his omnipotence, and turn

the fate of armies alone. In the last, all the powers of heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, gods encountering gods, Jove encouraging them with his thunders, Neptune raising his tempests, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and Pluto himself starting from the throne of hell.

II. I am now to take notice of some customs of antiquity relating to the arms and military art of those times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our author's descriptions of war.

That Homer copied the manners and customs of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed in some instances. As that he no where represents cavalry or trumpets to have been used in the Trojan wars, though they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his works some deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horses had not been brought into Greece long before the siege of Troy. They were originally eastern animals; and if we find at that very period so great a number of them reckoned up in the wars of the Israelites, it is the less a wonder, considering they came from Asia. The practice of riding them was so little known in Greece a few years before, that they looked upon the Centaurs, who first used it, as monsters compounded of men and horses. Nestor, in the first Iliad, says he had seen these Centaurs in his youth, and

Polypætes, in the second, is said to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from Pelion to the deserts of Ethica. They had no other use of horses than to draw their chariots in battle; so that whenever Homer speaks of 'fighting from an horse, taming an horse,' or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horses to that service. This (as we have said) was a piece of decorum in the poet; for in his own time they were arrived to such a perfection in horsemanship, that in the fifteenth Iliad, v. 822, we have a simile taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horses at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full speed.

If we consider in what high esteem among warriors these noble animals must have been at their first coming into Greece, we shall the less wonder at the frequent occasions Homer has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost upon a level with men, at the time when an horse in the prizes was of equal value with a captive.

The chariots were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the Iliad, that a person who stands erect on a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head) by a foot-soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease and readiness with which they alight or mount on every occasion; to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but small, may be guessed from a custom they had of taking them off and setting

them on, as they were laid by, or made use of. Hebe in the fifth book puts on the wheels of Juno's chariot, when she calls for it in haste: and it seems to be with allusion to the same practice that it is said in Exodus, ch. xiv. 'The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, so that they drove them heavily.' The sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, constantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to support him. That the whole machine was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth Iliad, where Diomed debates whether he shall draw the chariot of Rhesus out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety. All the particulars agree with the representations of the chariots on the most ancient Greek coins; where the tops of them reach not so high as the backs of the horses, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who stand in them are seen from the knee upwards.* This may serve to shew those critics are under a mistake, who blame Homer for making his warriors sometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little disgraceful then, as it is now to alight from one's horse in a battle, on any necessary emergency.

There were generally two persons in each chariot, one of whom was wholly employed in guiding the horses. They used indifferently two, three, or four horses: from hence it happens, that sometimes when

* See the collection of Goltzius, &c.

a horse is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loss of one; not that he has less courage than the other, but that he has fewer horses.

Their swords were all broad cutting swords, for we find they never stab but with their spears. The spears were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive javelins. It seems surprising, that a man should throw a dart or spear with such force as to pierce through both sides of the armour and the body (as is often described in Homer). For if the strength of the men was gigantic, the armour must have been strong in proportion. Some solution might be given for this, if we imagined the armour was generally brass, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that Homer called the spears and swords brazen, in the same manner that he calls the reins of a bridle ivory, only from the ornaments about them. But there are passages where the point of the spear is expressly said to be of brass, as in the description of that of Hector in Iliad vi. Pausanias, Laconicis, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offensive as defensive, were brass. He says the spear of Achilles was kept in his time in the temple of Minerva, the top and point of which were of brass; and the sword of Meriones, in that of Æsculapius among the Nicomedians, was entirely of the same metal. But be it as it will, there are examples even at this day of such a prodigious force in casting darts as almost exceeds credibility. The Turks and

Arabs will pierce through thick planks with darts of hardened wood, which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exercise, and to the strength and agility acquired by a constant practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same cause their power of casting stones of a vast weight, which appears a common practice in these battles. Those are in a great error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient Greeks and Orientals St. Jerome * tells us, it was an old custom in Palæstine, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with. And the custom is yet extant in some parts of Scotland, where stones for the same purpose are laid at the gates of great houses, which they call putting-stones.

Another consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in Homer, is the reflection that before the use of fire-arms there was infinitely more scope for the personal valour than in the modern battles. Now whensoever the personal

* Mos est in urbibus Palæstinæ, et usque hodie per omnem Judæam vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, et castellis, rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere se solent, et eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad genua, alii ad umbilicum, alii ad humeros, alii ad caput: nonnulli super verticem, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt.

strength of the combatants happened to be unequal, the declining a single combat could not be so dishonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make use of put all men on a level. For a soldier of far inferior strength may manage a rapier or fire-arms so expertly, as to be an overmatch to his adversary. This may appear a sufficient excuse for what in the modern construction might seem cowardice in Homer's heroes, when they avoid engaging with others whose bodily strength exceeds their own. The maxims of valour in all times were founded upon reason, and the cowardice ought rather in this case to be imputed to him who braves his inferior. There was also more leisure in their battles before the knowledge of fire-arms; and this in a good degree accounts for those harangues his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently used by these ancient warriors, which was to spoil an enemy of his arms after they had slain him; and this custom we see them frequently pursuing with such eagerness, as if they looked on their victory not complete till this point was gained. Some modern critics have accused them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably arise from the great value and scarceness of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a standard from the enemy. Moses and David speak of the pleasure of obtaining many spoils. They preserved them as monuments of victory, and even religion at last became interested herein, when those

spoils were consecrated in the temples of the tutelar deities of the conqueror.

The reader may easily see, I set down these heads just as they occur to my memory, and only as hints to farther observations; which any one who is conversant in Homer cannot fail to make, if he will but think a little in the same track.

It is no part of my design to enquire what progress had been made in the art of war at this early period: the bare perusal of the Iliad will best inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better comprehension of these descriptions, is to give a short view of the scene of war, the situation of Troy, and those places which Homer mentions, with the proper field of each battle: putting together, for this purpose, those passages in my author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of Troy stood at a greater distance from the sea than those ruins which have since been shewn for it. This may be gathered from Iliad v. ver. (of the original) 791, where it is said, that the Trojans never durst sally out of the walls of their town till the retirement of Achilles; but afterwards combated the Grecians at their very ships, 'far from the city.' For had Troy stood (as Strabo observes) so nigh the sea-shore, it had been mádness in the Greeks not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the siege, when the enemy was so near them: and on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the Trojans not to have attempted any thing all that

time, against an army that lay unfortified and unintrenched. Besides, the intermediate space had been too small to afford a field for so many various adventures and actions of war. The places about Troy particularly mentioned by Homer lie in this order

1. The Scæan gate: this opened to the field of battle, and was that through which the Trojans made their excursions. Close to this stood the beech-tree, sacred to Jupiter, which Homer generally mentions with it.

2. The hill of wild fig-trees. It joined to the walls of Troy on one side, and extended to the highway on the other. The first appears from what Andromache says in Iliad vi. ver. 432, that 'the walls were in danger of being scaled from this hill;' and the last from Il. xxii. v. 145, &c.

3. The two springs of Scamander. These were a little higher on the same highway. (Ibid.)

4. Callicolone, the name of a pleasant hill, that lay near the river Simois, on the other side of the town, Il. xx. v. 53.

5. Bateia, or the sepulchre of Myrinne, stood a little before the city in the plain. Il. ii. v. 318 of the Catalogue.

6. The monument of Ilus: near the middle of the plain. Il. xi. v. 166.

7. The tomb of Æsyetes commanded the prospect of the fleet, and that part of the sea-coast. Il. ii, v. 301 of the Catalogue.

It seems by the 368th verse of the second Iliad, that the Grecian army was drawn up under the several leaders by the banks of Scamander, on that side towards the ships: in the mean time that of Troy, and the auxiliaries, was ranged in order at Myrinne's sepulchre. Ibid. v. 320 of the Catal. The place of the first battle, where Diomed performs his exploits, was near the joining of Simois and Scamander; for Juno and Pallas, coming to him, alight at the confluence of those rivers. Il. v. ver. 773. And that the Greeks had not yet passed the stream, but fought on that side next the fleet, appears from v. 791 of the same book, where Juno says 'the Trojans now brave them at their very ships.' But in the beginning of the sixth book, the place of battle is specified to be between the rivers of Simois and Scamander; so that the Greeks (though Homer does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then crossed the stream toward Troy.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently close to the Grecian fortification on the shore. That night Hector lay at Ilus's tomb in the field, as Dolon tells us, lib. x. v. 415. And in the eleventh book the battle is chiefly about Ilus's tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the Greeks,' and in the fifteenth at the ships.

In the sixteenth, the Trojans being repulsed by Patroclus, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the Grecian wall: see v. 396. Patroclus still advanc-

ing, they fight at the gates of Troy, v. 700. In the seventeenth, the fight about the body of Patroclus is under the Trojan wall, v. 403. His body being carried off, Hector and Æneas pursue the Greeks to the fortification, v. 760. And in the eighteenth, upon Achilles's appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is still on that side next the sea; for the Trojans, being pursued by Achilles, pass over the Scamander as they run toward Troy; see the beginning of book xxi. The following battles are either in the river itself, or between that and the city, under whose walls Hector is killed in the twenty-second book, which puts an end to the battles of the Iliad.

N. B. The verses above are cited according to the number of lines in the Greek.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ACTS OF DIOMED.

Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battle. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the goddess cures him, enables him to discern gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him; Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is healed in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restored to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that god; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.

The first battle continues through this book. The scene is the same as in the former.

Painted by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by Wm. Bromley.

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BOOK V.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires,
Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
His beamy shield emits a living ray;
Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,
When fresh he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And, bath'd in ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd:
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault;
In Vulcan's fane the father's days were led,
The sons to toils of glorious battle bred;
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,
These, from their steeds, Tydides on the plain.

Fierce for renown the brother-chiefs draw near,
And first bold Phegeus cast his sounding spear,
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
And spent in empty air its erring force.
Not so, Tydides, flew thy lance in vain,
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.
Seiz'd with unusual fear, Idæus fled,
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead.
And had not Vulcan lent celestial aid,
He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But in a smoky cloud the god of fire
Preserv'd the son, in pity to the sire.
The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,
Increas'd the spoils of gallant Diomed.
Struck with amaze and shame, the Trojan crew,
Or slain, or fled, the sons of Dares view;
When by the blood-stain'd hand Minerva prest
The god of battles, and this speech addrest.
Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,
Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!
Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide:
While we from interdicted fields retire,
Nor tempt the wrath of heav'n's avenging sire.

Her words allay th' impetuous warrior's heat,
The god of arms and martial maid retreat;
Remov'd from fight, on Xanthus' flow'ry bounds
They sat, and listen'd to the dying sounds.

Meantime, the Greeks the Trojan race pursue,
And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader slew:
First Odius falls, and bites the bloody sand,
His death ennobled by Atrides' hand;
As he to flight his wheeling car addrest,
The speedy jav'lin drove from back to breast.
In dust the mighty Halizonian lay,
His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.

Thy fate was next, O Phæstus! doom'd to feel
The great Idomeneus' protended steel;
Whom Borus sent (his son and only joy)
From fruitful Tarnè to the fields of Troy.
The Cretan jav'lin reach'd him from afar,
And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,
And everlasting shades his eyes surround.

Then died Scamandrius, expert in the chace,
In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;
Diana taught him all her silvan arts,
To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:

But vainly here Diana's arts he tries,
The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;
From Menelaüs' arm the weapon sent,
Through his broad back and heaving bosom went:
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.
Next artful Phereclus untimely fell;
Bold Merion sent him to the realms of hell.
Thy father's skill, O Phereclus, was thine,
The graceful fabric and the fair design;
For lov'd by Pallas, Pallas did impart
To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.
Beneath his hand the fleet of Paris rose,
The fatal cause of all his country's woes;
But he, the mystic will of heav'n unknown,
Nor saw his country's peril, nor his own.
The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,
The spear of Merion mingled with the dead.
Through his right hip, with forceful fury cast,
Between the bladder and the bone it past;
Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,
And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.
From Meges' force the swift Pedæus fled,
Antenor's offspring from a foreign bed,

Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano, heav'nly fair,
Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.
How vain those cares! when Meges in the rear
Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;
Swift through his crackling jaws the weapon glides,
And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then died Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.
On him, amidst the flying numbers found,
Eurypylus inflicts a deadly wound;
On his broad shoulders fell the forceful brand,
Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,
Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.
Down sunk the priest: the purple hand of death
Clos'd his dim eye, and fate supprest his breath.

Thus toil'd the chiefs, in diff'rent parts engag'd,
In ev'ry quarter fierce Tydides rag'd;
Amid the Greek, amid the Trojan train,
Rapt through the ranks he thunders o'er the plain;
Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,
Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.
Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,

Through ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,
O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;
The yellow harvests of the ripen'd year,
And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!
While Jove descends in sluicy sheets of rain,
And all the labours of mankind are vain.

So rag'd Tydides, boundless in his ire,
Drove armies back, and made all Troy retire.
With grief the leader of the Lycian band
Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand:
His bended bow against the chief he drew;
Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,
Whose forky point the hollow breastplate tore,
Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:
The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,
While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither, ye Trojans, hither drive your steeds!
Lo! by our hand the bravest Grecian bleeds.
Not long the deathful dart he can sustain;
Or Phœbus urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful; but the winged dart
Stopp'd short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.
The wounded chief, behind his car retir'd,

Swift from his seat he leap'd upon the ground,
And tugg'd the weapon from the gushing wound;
When thus the king his guardian pow'r address't,
The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest.
O progeny of Jove! unconquer'd maid!
If e'er my godlike sire deserv'd thy aid,
If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;
Now, goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.
O give my lance to reach the Trojan knight,
Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;
And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,
That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.
Thus pray'd Tydides, and Minerva heard,
His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits cheer'd;
He feels each limb with wonted vigour light;
His beating bosom claim'd the promis'd fight.
Be bold (she cry'd), in ev'ry combat shine,
War be thy province, thy protection mine;
Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul;
Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:
Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,
And all thy godlike father breathes in thee!
Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy eyes,
And set to view the warring deities.

These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain;
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.
If Venus mingle in the martial band,
Her shalt thou wound: so Pallas gives command.
With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;
The hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;
With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,
Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey;
Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.
Not with less fury stern Tydides flew;
And two brave leaders at an instant slew:
Astynous breathless fell, and by his side
His people's pastor, good Hypenor, died;
Astynous' breast the deadly lance receives,
Hypenor's shoulder his broad falchion cleaves.
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage
Abas and Polyidus to engage;

Sons of Eurydamas, who, wise and old,
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;
No mystic dream could make their fates appear,
Though now determin'd by Tydides' spear.

Young Xanthus next, and Thoön felt his rage;
The joy and hope of Phænops' feeble age;
Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs
Of all his labours and a life of cares.
Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,
And leaves the father unavailing tears:
To strangers now descends his heapy store,
The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side.
As when the lordly lion seeks his food
Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,
He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,
Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground:
So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn,
Their steeds and chariot to the navy borne.

With deep concern divine Æneas view'd
The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,

Through the thick storm of singing spears he flies,
Exploring Pandarus with careful eyes.
At length he found Lycaon's mighty son;
To whom the chief of Venus' race begun.

Where, Pandarus, are all thy honours now,
Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,
Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,
And boasted glory of the Lycian name?
O pierce that mortal! if we mortal call
That wond'rous force by which whole armies fall;
Or god incens'd, who quits the distant skies
To punish Troy for slighted sacrifice;
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state!
For what so dreadful as celestial hate?)
Whoe'er he be, propitiate Jove with pray'r;
If man, destroy; if god, intreat to spare.

To him the Lycian. Whom your eyes behold,
If right I judge, is Diomed the bold:
Such coursers whirl him o'er the dusty field,
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.
If 'tis a god, he wears that chief's disguise;
Or if that chief, some guardian of the skies,
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away.

I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell;
And, but some god, some angry god withstands,
His fate was due to these unerring hands.
Skill'd in the bow, on foot I sought the war,
Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.
Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,
And still they grace Lycaon's princely dome:
There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;
And twice ten coursers wait their lord's command.
The good old warrior bade me trust to these,
When first for Troy I sail'd the sacred seas;
In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,
And through the ranks of death triumphant ride.
But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,
I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,
And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)
Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town:
So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,
And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore;
These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.
Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,
And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.

In vain they bled: this unavailing bow
Serves, not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.
In evil hour these bended horns I strung,
And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.
Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field
Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!
If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,
If e'er I see my spouse and sire again,
This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.
To whom the leader of the Dardan race:
Be calm, nor Phœbus' honour'd gift disgrace.
The distant dart be prais'd, though here we need
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.
Against yon hero let us bend our course,
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight;
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race:
Secure with these, through fighting fields we go;
Or safe to Troy, if Jove assist the foe.
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein:
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain;

Or, if to combat thy bold heart incline,
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.
O prince! (Lycaon's valiant son reply'd)
As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.
The horses practis'd to their lord's command,
Shall bear the rein, and answer to thy hand.
But if unhappy, we desert the fight,
Thy voice alone can animate their flight:
Else shall our fates be number'd with the dead,
And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.
Thine be the guidance then: with spear and shield
Myself will charge this terror of the field.
And now both heroes mount the glitt'ring car;
The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.
Their fierce approach bold Sthenelus espy'd,
Who thus, alarm'd, to great Tydides cry'd.
O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,
Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:
Lo the brave heir of old Lycaon's line,
And great Æneas, sprung from race divine!
Enough is giv'n to fame. Ascend thy car;
And save a life, the bulwark of our war.
At this the hero cast a gloomy look,
Fix'd on the chief with scorn; and thus he spoke.

Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?
Me would'st thou move to base inglorious flight?
Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,
Nor was Tydides born to tremble here.
I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,
And the long distance of the flying lance;
But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,
Thus front the foe, and emulate my sire.
Nor shall yon steeds, that fierce to fight convey
Those threat'ning heroes, bear them both away;
One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;
So Pallas tells me, and forbids to fly.
But if she dooms, and if no god withstand,
That both shall fall by one victorious hand;
Then heed my words: my horses here detain,
Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;
Swift to Æneas' empty seat proceed,
And seize the coursers of ethereal breed;
The race of those, which once the thund'ring god
For ravish'd Ganymede on Tros bestow'd,
The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,
Beneath the rising or the setting sun.
Hence great Anchises stole a breed unknown,
By mortal mares, from fierce Laomedon:

Four of this race his ample stalls contain,
And two transport Æneas o'er the plain.
These were the rich immortal prize our own,
Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,
And stern Lycaon's warlike race begun.

Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the pond'rous lance, and flung;
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.
He bleeds! the pride of Greece! (the boaster cries)
Our triumph now, the mighty warrior lies!
Mistaken vaunter! Diomed reply'd;
Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd;
Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,
With hostile blood shall glut the god of war.

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,
Which, driv'n by Pallas, pierc'd a vital part;
Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt
The nose and eye-ball the proud Lycian fixt;
Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,
Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.

Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground:
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;
The starting coursers tremble with affright;
The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.
To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies,
His spear extending where the carcase lies;
Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,
As the grim lion stalks around his prey.
O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,
He hides the hero with his mighty shade,
And threats aloud: the Greeks with longing eyes
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.
Then fierce Tydides stoops; and, from the fields
Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.
Not two strong men th'enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
He swung it round; and, gath'ring strength to throw,
Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.
Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.
Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,
His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;

Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;
A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.
There the brave chief, who mighty numbers sway'd,
Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;
But heav'nly Venus, mindful of the love
She bore Anchises in th' Idæan grove,
His danger views with anguish and despair,
And guards her offspring with a mother's care.
About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,
Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.
Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,
The swords wave harmless, and the jav'lins fail:
Safe through the rushing horse, and feather'd flight
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.
Nor Sthenelus, with unassisting hands,
Remain'd unheedful of his lord's commands:
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.
Next rushing to the Dardan spoil, detains
The heav'nly coursers with the flowing manes:
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,
No longer now a Trojan lord obey'd.
That charge to bold Deïpylus he gave,
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)

Then mounting on his car, return'd the rein,
And follow'd where Tydides swept the plain.
Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
The raging chief in chace of Venus flies:
No goddess she commission'd to the field,
Like Pallas dreadful with her sable shield,
Or fierce Bellona thund'ring at the wall,
While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;
He knew soft combats suit the tender dame,
New to the field, and still a foe to fame.
Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
And at the goddess his broad lance extends;
Through her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove;
Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,
And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god:
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)
With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.

Him Phœbus took: he casts a cloud around
The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.
Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
The king insults the goddess as she flies.
Ill with Jove's daughter bloody fights agree,
The field of combat is no scene for thee:
Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.
Tydides thus. The goddess, seiz'd with dread,
Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled.
To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
The queen of love with faded charms she found,
Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.
To Mars, who sat remote, they bent their way;
Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;
Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,
And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.
Low at his knee, she begg'd with streaming eyes
Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,
And shew'd the wound by fierce Tydides giv'n,
A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.

Stern Mars attentive hears the queen complain,
And to her hand commits the golden rein;
She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,
Driv'n by the goddess of the painted bow.
The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,
And in a moment scales the lofty skies:
There stopp'd the car, and there the coursers stood,
Fed by fair Iris with ambrosial food.
Before her mother, love's bright queen appears,
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, and dissolv'd in tears;
She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,
And ask'd, what god had wrought this guilty deed?
Then she. This insult from no god I found,
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!
Behold the deed of haughty Diomed!
'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.
The war with Troy no more the Grecians wage;
But with the gods (th' immortal gods) engage.
Dione then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,
And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share:
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,
And men with woes afflict the gods again.
The mighty Mars in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,

Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain;
Otus and Ephialtes held the chain:
Perhaps had perish'd, had not Hermes' care
Restor'd the groaning god to upper air.
Great Juno's self has borne her weight of pain,
Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign;
Amphitryon's son infix'd the deadly dart,
And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.
E'en hell's grim king Alcides' pow'r confest,
The shaft found entrance in his iron breast;
To Jove's high palace for a cure he fled,
Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead;
Where Pæon, sprinkling heav'nly balm around,
Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.
Rash, impious man! to stain the bless'd abodes,
And drench his arrows in the blood of gods!

But thou (though Pallas urg'd thy frantic deed),
Whose spear ill-fated makes a goddess bleed,
Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,
Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;
From fields of death when late he shall retire,
No infant on his knees shall call him sire.
Strong as thou art, some god may yet be found,
To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground;

Thy distant wife, Ægiale the fair,
Starting from sleep with a distracted air,
Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost lord deplore,
The brave, the great, the glorious now no more!
This said, she wip'd from Venus' wounded palm
The sacred ichor, and infus'd the balm.
Juno and Pallas with a smile survey'd,
And thus to Jove began the blue-ey'd maid.
Permit thy daughter, gracious Jove! to tell
How this mischance the Cyprian queen befell.
As late she try'd with passion to inflame
The tender bosom of a Grecian dame,
Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,
To quit her country for some youth of Troy;
The clasping zone, with golden buckles bound,
Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.
The sire of gods and men superior smil'd,
And, calling Venus, thus address'd his child.
Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,
Thee milder arts befit, and softer wars;
Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms;
To Mars and Pallas leave the deeds of arms.
Thus they in heav'n: while on the plain below
The fierce Tydides charg'd his Dardan foe,

Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,
And fearless dar'd the threat'ning god of day;
Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,
Though screen'd behind Apollo's mighty shield.
Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;
His blazing buckler thrice Apollo shook:
He try'd the fourth: when, breaking from the cloud,
A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.
O son of Tydeus, cease! be wise, and see
How vast the diff'rence of the gods and thee;
Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine
Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.
So spoke the god who darts celestial fires:
He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.
Then Phœbus bore the chief of Venus' race
To Troy's high fane, and to his holy place;
Latona there and Phœbe heal'd the wound,
With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.
This done, the patron of the silver bow
A phantom rais'd, the same in shape and show
With great Æneas; such the form he bore,
And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.

Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,
And Greece and Troy with clashing shields engag'd.
Meantime on Ilion's tow'r Apollo stood,
And calling Mars, thus urg'd the raging god.
Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall;
Who bath'st in blood, and shak'st th' embattled wall,
Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes
Dispatch yon Greek, and vindicate the gods.
First rosy Venus felt his brutal rage;
Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:
The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal sire,
His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.
The god of battle issues on the plain,
Stirs all the ranks, and fires the Trojan train;
In form like Acamas, the Thracian guide,
Enrag'd, to Troy's retiring chiefs he cry'd:
How long, ye sons of Priam! will ye fly,
And unreveng'd see Priam's people die?
Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,
And stretch the slaughter to the gates of Troy?
Lo brave Æneas sinks beneath his wound,
Not godlike Hector more in arms renown'd:

Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part:
He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.
Sarpedon first his ardent soul express'd,
And, turn'd to Hector, these bold words express'd:
Say, chief, is all thy ancient valour lost,
Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,
That propt alone by Priam's race should stand
Troy's sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?
Now, now thy country calls her wonted friends,
And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.
Far distant hence I held my wide command,
Where foaming Xanthus laves the Lycian land;
With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;
With those I left whatever dear could be:
Greece, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.
Yet first in fight my Lycian bands I cheer,
And long to meet this mighty man ye fear;
While Hector idle stands, nor bids the brave
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state,
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate

Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away
Sons, sires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.
Rouse all thy Trojans, urge thy aids to fight;
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night;
With force incessant the brave Greeks oppose;
Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.
Stung to the heart the gen'rous Hector hears,
But just reproof with decent silence bears.
From his proud car the prince impetuous springs,
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
They turn, they stand; the Greeks their fury dare,
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war.
As when, on Ceres' sacred floor, the swain
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,
And the light chaff, before the breezes borne,
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hinds:
So white with dust the Grecian host appears,
From trampling steeds, and thund'ring charioteers:

The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,
And roll in smoking volumes to the skies.
Mars hovers o'er them with his sable shield,
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field:
Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfil,
In Troy's defence, Apollo's heav'nly will:
Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires,
Each Trojan bosom with new warmth he fires.
And now the god, from forth his sacred fane,
Produc'd Æneas to the shouting train;
Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,
Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound:
Inquiries none they made; the dreadful day
No pause of words admits, no dull delay;
Fierce Discord storms, Apollo loud exclaims,
Fame calls, Mars thunders, and the field's in flames.
Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses, bath'd in hostile blood.
Embodied close, the lab'ring Grecian train
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,
Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.
So when th' embattled clouds in dark array,
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;

When now the north his boist'rous rage has spent,
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element:
The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;
Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,
Dispers'd and broken through the ruffled skies.

Nor was the gen'ral wanting to his train,
From troop to troop he toils through all the plain.
Ye Greeks, be men! the charge of battle bear;
Your brave associates, and yourselves revere!
Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,
And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!
On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,
To meet whose point was strong Deicoon's chance:
Æneas' friend, and in his native place
Honour'd and lov'd like Priam's royal race:
Long had he fought the foremost in the field,
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield:
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,
Through his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;

The grisly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,
His arms around him rattled as he fell.
Then fierce Æneas brandishing his blade,
In dust Orsilochus and Crethon laid,
Whose sire Diöcleus, wealthy, brave, and great,
In well-built Pheræ held his lofty seat:
Sprung from Alpheüs' plenteous stream, that yields
Increase of harvests to the Pylian fields.
He got Orsilochus, Diöcleus he,
And these descended in the third degree.
Too early expert in the martial toil,
In sable ships they left their native soil,
T' avenge Atrides: now, untimely slain,
They fell with glory on the Phrygian plain.
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroll'd
Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold;
Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,
O'erpow'r'd they fall beneath the force of men.
Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,
Like mountain firs, as tall and straight as they.
Great Menelaüs views with pitying eyes,
Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;

Mars urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,
The god but urg'd him to provoke his fate.
He thus advancing, Nestor's valiant son
Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;
Struck with the thought, should Helen's lord be slain,
And all his country's glorious labours vain.
Already met, the threat'ning heroes stand;
The spears already tremble in their hand:
In rush'd Antilochus, his aid to bring,
And fall or conquer by the Spartan king.
These seen, the Dardan backward turn'd his course,
Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.
The breathless bodies to the Grecks they drew,
Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.

First Pylæmenes, great in battle, bled,
Who sheath'd in brass the Paphlagonians led.
Atrides mark'd him where sublime he stood;
Fix'd in his throat, the jav'lin drank his blood.
The faithful Mydon, as he turn'd from fight
His flying coursers, sunk to endless night:
A broken rock by Nestor's son was thrown;
His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone;
From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-studded reins,
Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:

Meanwhile his temples feel a deadly wound;
He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:
Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there
The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air,
Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet:
The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,
And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

Great Hector saw, and raging at the view
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:
He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer! and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:
This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;
That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light.
Where Hector march'd, the god of battles shin'd,
Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.

Tydides paus'd amidst his full career;
Then first the hero's manly breast knew fear.
As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,
And wide through fens an unknown journey takes:
If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,
And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,
Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,
Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.

Amaz'd no less the great Tydides stands;
He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands.
No wonder, Greeks! that all to Hector yield,
Secure of fav'ring gods, he takes the field;
His strokes they second, and avert our spears:
Behold where Mars in mortal arms appears!
Retire then, warriors, but sedate and slow;
Retire, but with your faces to the foe.
Trust not too much your unavailing might;
'Tis not with Troy, but with the gods ye fight.
Now near the Greeks, the black battalions drew;
And first two leaders valiant Hector slew:
His force Anchialus and Mnesthes found,
In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;
In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,
And fought united, and united died.
Struck at the sight, the mighty Ajax glows
With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.
His massy spear with matchless fury sent,
Through Amphius' belt and heaving belly went;
Amphius Apæsus' happy soil possess'd,
With herds abounding, and with treasure bless'd;
But fate resistless from his country led
The chief, to perish at his people's head.

Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,
And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring Ajax sprung;
Around his head an iron tempest rain'd;
A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd;
Beneath one foot the yet-warm corpse he prest,
And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast:
He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd
To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plumy pride.
Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,
With bristling lances, and compacted shields;
Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,
Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.
While thus they strive, Tlepolemus the great,
Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,
Burns with desire Sarpedon's strength to prove;
Alcides' offspring meets the son of Jove.
Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,
Jove's great descendant, and his greater son.
Prepar'd for combat, ere the lance he tost,
The daring Rhodian vents his haughty boast.
What brings this Lycian counsellor so far,
To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?
Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling Jove.

How far unlike those chiefs of race divine,
How vast the diff'rence of their deeds and thine!
Jove got such heroes as my sire, whose soul
No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.
Troy felt his arm, and yon proud ramparts stand
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:
With six small ships, and but a slender train,
He left the town a wide-deserted plain.
But what art thou? who deedless look'st around,
While unreveng'd thy Lycians bite the ground:
Small aid to Troy thy feeble force can be;
But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.
Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go!
I make this present to the shades below.

The son of Hercules, the Rhodian guide,
Thus haughty spoke. The Lycian king reply'd.

Thy sire, O prince! o'erturn'd the Trojan state,
Whose perjur'd monarch well deserv'd his fate;
Those heav'nly steeds the hero sought so far,
False he detain'd, the just reward of war.
Nor so content, the gen'rous chief defy'd,
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.
But you, unworthy the high race you boast,
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:

Now meet thy fate, and by Sarpedon slain,
Add one more ghost to Pluto's gloomy reign.
He said: both jav'lins at an instant flew;
Both struck, both wounded, but Sarpedon's slew:
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.
Yet not in vain, Tlepolemus, was thrown
Thy angry lance; which, piercing to the bone
Sarpedon's thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;
But Jove was present, and forbade the death.
Borne from the conflict by his Lycian throng,
The wounded hero dragg'd the lance along.
(His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,
Through haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)
The Greeks with slain Tlepolemus retir'd;
Whose fall Ulysses view'd, with fury fir'd;
Doubtful if Jove's great son he should pursue,
Or pour his vengeance on the Lycian crew.
But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,
Nor this great death must grace Ulysses' hand.
Minerva drives him on the Lycian train;
Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain,

Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell:
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell,
But Hector saw; and, furious at the sight,
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.
With joy Sarpedon view'd the wish'd relief,
And, faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the chief.
O suffer not the foe to bear away
My helpless corpse, an unassisted prey;
If I, unbless'd, must see my son no more,
My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,
Yet let me die in Ilion's sacred wall;
Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.
He said, nor Hector to the chief replies,
But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies;
Swift as a whirlwind, drives the scatt'ring foes;
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.
Beneath a beech, Jove's consecrated shade,
His mournful friends divine Sarpedon laid:
Brave Pelagon, his fav'rite chief, was nigh,
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh.
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,
And o'er his eye-balls swam the shades of night;
But Boreas rising fresh, with gentle breath,
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

The gen'rous Greeks recede with tardy pace,
Though Mars and Hector thunder in their face;
None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,
Slow they retreat, and e'en retreating fight.
Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand,
Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand?
Teuthras the great, Orestes the renown'd
For manag'd steeds, and Trechus press'd the ground;
Next Oenomaus, and Oenops' offspring died;
Oresbius last fell groaning at their side:
Oresbius, in his painted mitre gay,
In fat Bœotia held his wealthy sway,
Where lakes surround low Hyle's wat'ry plain;
A prince and people studious of their gain.
The carnage Juno from the skies survey'd,
And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.
Oh sight accurs'd! Shall faithless Troy prevail,
And shall our promise to our people fail?
How vain the word to Menelaüs giv'n
By Jove's great daughter and the queen of heav'n,
Beneath his arms that Priam's tow'rs should fall,
If warring gods for ever guard the wall?
Mars, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes:
Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose!

She spoke; Minerva burns to meet the war:
And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car.
At her command rush forth the steeds divine;
Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.
Bright Hebè waits; by Hebè, ever young,
The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.
On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel
Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle, steel.
Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;
The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,
Such as the heav'ns produce: and round the gold
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.
The bossy naves of solid silver shone;
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:
The car, behind, an arching figure bore;
The bending concave form'd an arch before.
Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,
And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.
Herself, impatient, to the ready car
The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.

Pallas disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,
With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd,
(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)
Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove.

Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,
Jove's cuirass blazes on her ample breast;
Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,
O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,
Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim war appear,
Here rages force, here tremble flight and fear,
Here storm'd contention, and here fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.
The massy golden helm she next assumes,
That dreadful nods with four o'ershading plumes;
So vast, the broad circumference contains
A hundred armies on a hundred plains.
The goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;
Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,
Pond'rous and huge; that when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.
Swift at the scourge th' ethereal coursers fly,
While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.
Heav'n's gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged Hours;
Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,
The sun's bright portals and the skies command,

Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,
Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.
The sounding hinges ring: on either side
The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.
The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies,
Confus'd, Olympus' hundred heads arise;
Where far apart the thund'rer fills his throne,
O'er all the gods superior and alone.
There with her snowy hand the queen restrains
The fiery steeds, and thus to Jove complains.

O sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?
Can Mars rebel, and does no thunder roll?
What lawless rage on yon forbidden plain,
What rash destruction! and what heroes slain!
Venus, and Phœbus with the dreadful bow,
Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.
Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind
No god can govern, and no justice bind.
Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,
And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?

To whom assenting, thus the thund'rer said:
Go! and the great Minerva be thy aid.
To tame the monster-god Minerva knows,
And oft afflicts his brutal breast with woes.

He said; Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aërial way.
Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;
Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal coursers bound:
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine
Where silver Simoïs and Scamander join.
There Juno stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)
Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:
For these, impregnate with celestial dew,
On Simoïs' brink ambrosial herbage grew.
Thence to relieve the fainting Argive throng,
Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.
The best and bravest of the Grecian band
(A warlike circle) round Tydides stand:
Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
Heav'n's empress mingles with the mortal crowd,
And shouts, in Stentor's sounding voice, aloud:
Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious Argives! to your race a shame,
And only men in figure and in name!
Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,
While fierce in war divine Achilles rag'd;
Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;
While near Tydides stood th' Athenian maid;
The king beside his panting steeds she found,
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:
To cool his glowing wound he sat apart,
(The wound inflicted by the Lycian dart)
Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,
Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,
Whose ample belt, that o'er his shoulder lay,
He eas'd; and wash'd the clotted gore away.
The goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,
Beside his coursers, thus her silence broke.

Degen'rate prince! and not of Tydeus' kind,
Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;
Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,
And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.
Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go
And feast, encircled by the Theban foe;

There brav'd, and vanquish'd, many a hardy knight;
Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.
Thou too no less hast been my constant care;
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:
But thee or fear deters, or sloth detains;
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.
The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid!
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:
From warring gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,
And Venus only found resistance here.
Hence, goddess! heedful of thy high commands,
Loath I gave way, and warn'd our Argive bands:
For Mars, the homicide, these eyes beheld,
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.
Then thus Minerva. Brave Tydides, hear!
Not Mars himself, nor ought immortal fear.
Full on the god impel thy foaming horse:
Pallas commands, and Pallas lends thee force!
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,
And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries;
Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;
Now gives the Grecians, now the Trojans aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.
The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends,
Fierce for revenge; and Diomed attends.
The groaning axle bent beneath the load;
So great a hero, and so great a god.
She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,
And full on Mars impell'd the foaming horse:
But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread
Black Orcus' helmet o'er her radiant head.
Just then gigantic Periphas lay slain,
The strongest warrior of th' Ætolian train;
The god, who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize
Stretch'd where he fell, and at Tydides flies.
Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear
The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war!
Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
From Mars's arm th' enormous weapon fled:
Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
Far from the car the strong immortal lance.
Then threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son;
The jav'lin hiss'd; the goddess urg'd it on:
Where the broad cincture girt his armour round
It pierc'd the god: his groin receiv'd the wound.

From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain,
Loud as the roar encount'ring armies yield
When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.
Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;
And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.
As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;
In such a cloud the god from combat driv'n,
High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
There sullen sat beneath the sire of gods,
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne.
Can Jove, supine, flagitious facts survey,
And brook the furies of this daring day?
For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage,
And gods on gods exert eternal rage.
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,
Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.

All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:
'Tis her's t' offend, and e'en offending share
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:
So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.
Now frantic Diomed, at her command,
Against th' immortals lifts his raging hand:
The heav'nly Venus first his fury found,
Me next encount'ring, me he dar'd to wound;
Vanquish'd I fled: e'en I, the god of fight,
From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.
Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,
Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain!
Or pierc'd with Grecian darts, for ages lie,
Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look
The lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.
To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?
Of lawless force shall lawless Mars complain?
Of all the gods who tread the spangled skies,
Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!
Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,
The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight.

No bound, no law, thy fiery temper quells,
And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.
In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use;
She gives th' example, and her son pursues.
Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,
Sprung since thou art from Jove, and heav'nly born.
Else, sing'd with lightning, hadst thou hence been thrown,
Where chain'd on burning rocks the Titans groan.
Thus he who shakes Olympus with his nod;
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.
As when the fig's press'd juice, infus'd in cream,
To curds coagulates the liquid stream,
Sudden the fluids fix the parts combin'd;
Such, and so soon, th' ethereal texture join'd.
Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair Hebè drest
His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.
Glorious he sat, in majesty restor'd,
Fast by the throne of heav'n's superior lord.
Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes,
Their task perform'd, and mix among the gods.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK V.

V. 1. *But Pallas now*, &c.] As in every just history-picture there is one principal figure, to which the rest refer and are subservient; so in each battle of the Iliad there is one principal person, that may properly be called the hero of that day or action. This conduct preserves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being distracted and confused with a wild number of independent figures, which have no subordination to each other. To make this probable, Homer supposes these extraordinary measures of courage to be the immediate gift of the gods; who bestow them sometimes upon one, sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the instruments of their designs; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our author for representing the same heroes brave at one time, and dispirited at another; just as the gods assist, or abandon them, on different occasions.

V. 1. *Tydides.*] That we may enter into the spirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to settle the true character of Diomed, who is the hero of it. Achilles is no sooner retired, but Homer raises his other Grecks to supply his absence; like stars that shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As Diomed is the first in this office, he seems to have more of the character of Achilles than any besides. He has naturally an excess of boldness, and too much fury in his temper; forward and intrepid like the other, and running after gods or men promiscuous y as they offer themselves. But what differences his character is, that he is soon reclaimed by advice, hears those that are more experienced, and, in a word, obeys Minerva in all things. He is assisted by the patroness of wisdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characterises his prudence, is a quick sagacity and presence of mind in all emergencies, and an undisturbed readiness

in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour is agreeable to these qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and dispatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind seems drawn with an opposition to the boisterous temper of Achilles, so his bodily excellencies seem designed as in contrast to those of Ajax, who appears with great strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field, so he is ready to speak in the council: but it is observable that his councils still incline to war, and are biassed rather on the side of bravery than caution. As for his private character, he appears a gallant lover of hospitality in his behaviour to Glaucus in the sixth book; a lover of wisdom in his assistance of Nestor in the eighth, and his choice of Ulysses to accompany him in the tenth; upon the whole, an open sincere friend, and a generous enemy.

The wonderful actions he performs in this battle, seem to be the effect of a noble resentment at the reproach he had received from Agamemnon in the foregoing book, to which these deeds are the answer. What invention and what conduct appears in this whole episode? What boldness in raising a character to such a pitch, and what judgment in raising it by such degrees, while the most daring flights of poetry are employed to move our admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest allegory, to reconcile those flights to moral truth and probability? It may be farther remarked, that the high degree to which Homer elevates this character enters into the principal design of his whole poem; which is to shew, that the greatest personal qualities and forces are of no effect when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in concert.

V. 49. *The Greeks the Trojan race pursue.*] Homer always appears very zealous for the honour of Greece, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinion of those who would have him of other nations.

V. 75. *Next artful Phereclus.*] This character of Phereclus is finely imagined, and presents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the Trojans had formerly

received an oracle, commanding them to follow husbandry, and not apply themselves to navigation. Homer from hence takes occasion to feign, that the shipwright, who presumed to build the fleet of Paris when he took his fatal voyage to Greece, was overtaken by the divine vengeance so long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable disposition Homer shews to mechanics; he never omits an opportunity either of describing a piece of workmanship, or of celebrating an artist.

V. 93. *Whose gen'rous spouse, Theano.*] Homer, in this remarkable passage, commends the fair Theano for breeding up a bastard of her husband's with the same tenderness as her own children. This lady was a woman of the first quality, and (as it appears in the sixth Iliad) the high priestess of Minerva; so that one cannot imagine the education of this child was imposed upon her by the authority or power of Antenor: Homer himself takes care to remove any such derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unusual piece of humanity to have been to please her husband, χαριζομενη ποσει ῳ. Nor ought we to lessen this commendation by thinking the wives of those times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The stories of Phœnix, Clytæmnestra, Medea, and many others, are plain instances how highly the keeping of mistresses was resented by the married ladies. But there was a difference between the Greeks and Asiatics as to their notions of marriage; for it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives; Priam had many lawful ones, and some of them princesses who brought great dowries. Theano was an Asiatic, and that is the most we can grant; for the son she nursed so carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a mistress; and her passions were naturally the same with those of the Grecian women. As to the degree of regard then shewn to the bastards, they were carefully enough educated, though not (like this of Antenor) as the lawful issue, nor admitted to an equal share of inheritance. Megapenthes and Nicostratus were excluded from the inheritance of Sparta, because they were born of bond-women, as Pausanias says. But Neoptolemus, a natural son of Achilles by Deïdamia, succeeded in his father's kingdom,

perhaps with respect to his mother's quality, who was a princess. Upon the whole, however that matter stood, Homer was very favourable to bastards, and has paid them more compliments than one in his works. If I am not mistaken, Ulysses reckons himself one in the Odyssey. Agamemnon in the eighth Iliad plainly accounts it no disgrace, when charmed with the noble exploits of young Teucer, and praising him in the rapture of his heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyric upon him. The reader may consult the passage, v. 284 of the original, and v. 337 of the translation. From all this I should not be averse to believe that Homer himself was a bastard, as Virgil was, of which I think this observation a better proof than what is said for it in the common lives of him.

V. 99. ..... *Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,*
Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line,
Who near ador'd Scamander made abode,
Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a god.]

From the number of circumstances put together here, and in many other passages, of the parentage, place of abode, profession, and quality, of the persons our author mentions, I think it is plain he composed his poem from some records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and complied with the truth of history. Otherwise these particular descriptions of genealogies, and other minute circumstances, would have been an affectation extremely needless and unreasonable. This consideration will account for several things that seem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took these occasions of paying a compliment to many great men and families of his patrons, both in Greece and Asia.

V. 164. *From mortal mists I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of Homer (says M. Dacier) is founded upon an important truth of religion, not unknown to the pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Testament. This distinguishing sight of Diomed was given him only for the present occasion and service, in which he

was employed by Pallas: for we find in the sixth book that, upon meeting Glaucus, he is ignorant whether that hero be a man or a god.

V. 194. *No mystic dream.*] This line in the original, Τοις ουκ ερχομενοις ὁ γερων ενεινατ' ονειρους, contains as puzzling a passage for the construction as I have met with in Homer. Most interpreters join the negative particle ουκ with the verb ενεινάω, which may receive these three different meanings: that Eurydamas had not interpreted the dreams of his children when they went to the wars, or that he had foretold them by their dreams they should never return from the wars, or that he should now no more have the satisfaction to interpret their dreams at their return. After all, this construction seems forced, and no way agreeable to the general idiom of the Greek language, or to Homer's simple diction in particular. If we join ουκ with ερχομενοις, I think the most obvious sense will be this: Diomed attacks the two sons of Eurydamas an old interpreter of dreams; his children not returning, the prophet sought by his dreams to know their fate; however, they fall by the hands of Diomed. This interpretation seems natural and poetical, and tends to move compassion, which is almost constantly the design of the poet, in his frequent short digressions concerning the circumstances and relations of dying persons.

V. 202. *To strangers now descends his heapy store.*] This is a circumstance than which nothing could be imagined more tragical, considering the character of the father. Homer says the trustees of the remote collateral relations seized the estate before his eyes (according to a custom of those times), which to a covetous old man must be the greatest of miseries.

V. 212. *Divine Æneas.*] It is here Æneas begins to act; and if we take a view of the whole episode of this hero in Homer, where he makes but an under part, it will appear that Virgil has kept him perfectly in the same character in his poem, where he shines as the first hero. His piety and his valour, though not drawn at so full a length, are marked no less in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of Homer to express very strongly the character of each of his persons in the first speech he is made

to utter in the poem. In this of Æneas, there is a great air of piety in those strokes, 'Is he some god, who punishes Troy for having neglected his sacrifices?' And then that sentence, 'The anger of heaven is terrible.' When he is in danger afterwards, he is saved by the heavenly assistance of two deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy temple of Pergamus by Latona and Diana. As to his valour, he is second only to Hector, and in personal bravery as great in the Greek author as in the Roman.

V. 242. *Skill'd in the bow*, &c.] We see through this whole discourse of Pandarus the character of a vain-glorious passionate prince, who being skilled in the use of the bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this excellence; but having been successless in two different trials of his skill, he is raised into an outrageous passion, which vents itself in vain threats on his guiltless bow.

V. 244. *Ten polish'd chariots.*] Among the many pictures Homer gives us of the simplicity of the heroic age, he mingles from time to time some hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a prince who has all these chariots for pleasure at one time, with their particular sets of horses to each, and the most sumptuous coverings in their stables. But we must remember that he speaks of an Asiatic prince, those barbarians living in great luxury. DACIER.

V. 261. *And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.* The Greek is ατρεκες αιμα. He says he is sure it was real blood that followed his arrow; because it was anciently a custom, particularly among the Spartans, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breastplates, that the blood they lost might not be seen by the soldiers, and tend to their discouragement. Plutarch in his Instit. Lacon. takes notice of this point of antiquity, and I wonder it escaped Madam Dacier in her translation.

V. 284. *Haste, seize the whip*, &c.] Homer means not here, that one of the heroes should alight or descend from the chariot, but only that he should quit the reins to the management of the other, and stand on foot upon the chariot to fight from thence. As one might use the expression, 'to descend from the ship,' to

signify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms. This is the note of Eustathius, by which it appears that most of he translators are mistaken in the sense of this passage, and among the rest Mr. Hobbes.

V. 320. *One chief at least beneath this arm shall die.*] It is the manner of our author to make his persons have some intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse fortune, before it happens to them. In the present instance, we have seen Æneas, astonished at the great exploits of Diomed, proposing to himself the means of his escape by the swiftness of his horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, Diomed is so filled with assurance, that he gives orders here to Sthenelus to seize those horses, before they come up to him. The opposition of these two (as Madam Dacier has remarked) is very observable.

V. 327. *The coursers of ethereal breed.*] We have already observed the great delight Homer takes in horses, as well as heroes, of celestial race: and if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of some of his warriors, in relating them even in a battle; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horses in the same circumstance. These were of that breed which Jupiter bestowed upon Tros, and far superior to the common strain of Trojan horses. So that (according to Eustathius's opinion) the translators are mistaken who turn Τρωικοι ιπποι, 'the Trojan horses,' in v. 222, of the original, where Æneas extols their qualities to Pandarus. The same author takes notice, that frauds in the case of horses have been thought excusable in all times, and commends Anchises for this piece of theft. Virgil was so well pleased with it, as to imitate this passage in the seventh Æneid.

V. 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been asked, how Diomed being on foot could naturally be supposed to give such a wound as is described here? Were it never so improbable, the express mention that Minerva conducted the javelin to that part, would render this passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a miracle, such a wound might be received by Pandarus, either if he stooped, or if his enemy took the advantage of a rising ground, by which means he might not impossibly stand

higher, though the other were in a chariot. This is the solution given by the ancient scholia, which is confirmed by the lowness of the chariots, observed in the 'Essay on Homer's Battles.'

V. 361. *To guard his slaughter'd friend, Æneas flies.*] This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety, agreeable to the character of Æneas in particular, but looked upon as a matter of great importance in those times. It was believed that the very soul of the deceased suffered by the body's remaining destitute of the rites of sepulture, as not being else admitted to pass the waters of Styx. Whoever considers this, will not be surprised at those long and obstinate combats for the bodies of the heroes, so frequent in the Iliad. Homer thought it of such weight, that he has put this circumstance of want of burial into the proposition at the beginning of his poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the Greeks.

V. 371. *Not two strong men.*] This opinion of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the process of ages, has been very general. The active life and temperance of the first men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be supposed to have given them this advantage. Celsus in his first book, observes, that Homer mentions no sort of diseases in the old heroic times but what were immediately inflicted by heaven, as if their temperance and exercise preserved them from all besides.

V. 391. *Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil.* Homer says, she spread her veil that it might be a defence against the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierced through, when Venus is wounded? It is manifest the veil was not impenetrable, and is said here to be a defence only as it rendered Æneas invisible, by being interposed. This is the observation of Eustathius, and was thought too material to be neglected in the translation.

V. 403. *To hold Deïpylus—Whom most he lov'd.*] Sthenelus (says M. Dacier) loved Deïpylus, 'parce qu'il avoit la même humeur que lui, la même sagesse.' The words in the original are ὁτι οἱ φρεσιν αρῆια ηδη. 'Because his mind was equal and consentaneous to his own.' Which I should rather translate, with regard to the character of Sthenelus, that he had the same bravery, than the same wisdom: for that Sthenelus was not remarkable

for wisdom, appears from many passages, and particularly from his speech to Agamemnon in the fourth book.

V. 408. *The chief in chace of Venus flies*] We have seen with what ease Venus takes Paris out of the battle in the third book, when his life was in danger from Menelaüs; but here, when she has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, she is not able to preserve herself or her son from the fury of Diomed. The difference of success in two attempts so like each other, is occasioned by that penetration of sight with which Pallas had endued her favourite. For the gods in their intercourse with men are not ordinarily seen, but when they please to render themselves visible; wherefore Venus might think herself and her son secure from the insolence of this daring mortal; but was in this deceived, being ignorant of that faculty wherewith the hero was enabled to distinguish gods as well as men.

V. 422. *Such stream as issues from a wounded god.*] This is one of those passages in Homer which have given occasion to that famous censure of Tully and Longinus, 'That he makes gods of his heroes, and mortals of his gods.' This, taken in a general sense, appeared the highest impiety to Plato and Pythagoras; one of whom has banished Homer from his commonwealth, and the other said he was tortured in hell, for fictions of this nature. But if a due distinction be made of a difference among beings superior to mankind, which both the Pagans and Christians have allowed, the fables may be easily accounted for. 'Wounds inflicted on the dragon,' 'Bruising the serpent's head,' and other such metaphorical images, are consecrated in holy writ, and applied to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our author's days they had a notion of gods that were corporeal, to whom they ascribed bodies, though of a more subtile kind than those of mortals. So in this very place he supposes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or superior nature.

This particular of the wounding of Venus seems to be a fiction of Homer's own brain, naturally deducible from the doctrine of corporeal gods above mentioned; and, considered as poetry, no way shocking. Yet our author, as if he had foreseen some objection, has very artfully inserted a justification of this bold

stroke, in the speech Dione soon after makes to Venus. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other deities had received as ill treatment from mortals by the permission of Jupiter, so it was of great use to the poet to enumerate those ancient fables to the same purpose, which, being then generally assented to, might obtain credit for his own. This fine remark belongs to Eustathius.

V. 424. *Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood,* &c.] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celestial matter seems to have been received in the time of Homer: for he makes the immortality of the gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are sustained; as the mortality of men to proceed from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nourished. We have several instances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when Diomed questions Glaucus, if he be a god or mortal, he adds, 'One who is sustained by the fruits of the earth.' Lib. vi. v. 175.

V. 449. *Low at his knee, she begg'd.*] All the former English translators make it, 'She fell on her knees,' an oversight occasioned by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities (without which no man can tolerably understand this author). For the custom of praying on the knees was unknown to the Greeks, and in use only among the Hebrews.

V. 472. *And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share.*] The word inferior is added by the translator, to open the distinction Homer makes between the divinity itself, which he represents impassable, and the subordinate celestial beings or spirits.

V. 475. *The mighty Mars,* &c.] Homer in these fables, as upon many other occasions, makes a great show of his theological learning, which was the manner of all the Greeks who had travelled into Egypt. Those who would see these allegories explained at large, may consult Eustathius on this place.

V. 479. *Perhaps had perish'd.*] Some of Homer's censurers have inferred from this passage, that the poet represents his gods subject to death; when nothing but great misery is here described. It is a common way of speech to use perdition and de-

struction for misfortune: the language of scripture calls eternal punishment 'perishing everlastingly.'

V. 498. *No infant on his knees shall call him sire.*] This is Homer's manner of foretelling that he shall perish unfortunately in battle, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expression. He does not simply say, he shall never return from the war, but intimates as much by describing the loss of the most sensible and affecting pleasure that a warrior can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this speech of the hero's death, by representing it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine strokes of this kind in the prophetical parts of the Old Testament. Nothing is more natural than Dione's forming these images of revenge upon Diomed, the hope of which vengeance was so proper a topic of consolation to Venus.

V. 501. *Thy distant wife.*] The poet seems here to compliment the fair sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of Ægiale, whom he has described with the disposition of a faithful wife, though the history of those times represents her as an abandoned prostitute, who gave up her own person and her husband's crown to her lover: so that Diomed at his return from Troy, when he expected to be received with all the tenderness of a loving spouse, found his bed and throne possessed by an adulterer, was forced to fly his country, and seek refuge and subsistence in foreign lands. Thus the offended goddess executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the hero in a series of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife.

V. 517. *The sire of gods and men superior smil'd.*] One may observe the decorum and decency our author constantly preserves on this occasion: Jupiter only smiles, the other gods laugh out. That Homer was no enemy to mirth may appear from several places of his poem; which, so serious as it is, is interspersed with many gaieties, indeed more than he has been followed in by the succeeding epic poets.

V. 540. *He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.*] Diomed still maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a step or two

even from Apollo. The conduct of Homer is remarkably just and rational here. He gives Diomed no sort of advantage over Apollo, because he would not feign what was entirely incredible, and what no allegory could justify. He wounds Venus and Mars, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular passions which are represented by those deities. But it is impossible to vanquish Apollo, in whatsoever capacity he is considered, either as the sun, or as destiny: one may shoot at the sun, but not hurt him; and one may strive against destiny, but not surmount it. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 546. *A phantom rais'd.*] The fiction of a god's placing a phantom instead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battle. This is the language of poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and simple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus Minerva's guiding a javelin, signifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; Mars taking upon him the shape of Acamas, that the courage of Acamas incited him to do so; and in like manner of the rest.

V. 575. *The speech of Sarpedon to Hector.*] It will be hard to find a speech more warm and spirited than this of Sarpedon, or which comprehends so much in so few words.

V. 611. *Ceres' sacred floor.*] Homer calls the threshing-floor sacred (says Eustathius) not only as it was consecrated to Ceres, but in regard of its great use and advantage to human-kind: in which sense also he frequently gives the same epithet to cities, &c. This simile is of an exquisite beauty.

V. 641. *So when th' embattled clouds.*] This simile contains as proper a comparison, and as fine a picture of nature as any in Homer: however it is to be feared the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, because it is the description of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather that the atmosphere is charged with thick vapours, whose gravity is such that they neither rise nor fall, but remain poised in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for

several days together. In a plain country this occasions no other visible appearance but of an uniform clouded sky; but in a hilly region these vapours are to be seen covering the tops, and stretched along the sides of the mountains; the clouded parts above being terminated and distinguished from the clear parts below by a straight line running parallel to the horizon as far as the mountains extend. The whole compass of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact representation of a numerous army, drawn up in a line of battle, and expecting the charge. The long-extended even front, the closeness of the ranks, the firmness, order, and silence of the whole, are all drawn with great resemblance in this one comparison. The poet adds, that this appearance is while Boreas and the other boisterous winds, which disperse and break the clouds, are laid asleep. This is as exact as it is poetical; for when the winds arise, this regular order is soon dissolved. This circumstance is added to the description, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and dissipation of the Greeks, which soon ensued when Mars and Hector broke in upon them.

V. 726. *Mars, stern destroyer,* &c.] There is a great nobleness in this passage. With what pomp is Hector introduced into the battle, where Mars and Bellona are his attendants? The retreat of Diomed is no less beautiful; Minerva had removed the mist from his eyes, and he immediately discovers Mars assisting Hector. His surprise on this occasion is finely imaged by that of the traveller on the sudden sight of the river.

V. 784. *What brings this Lycian counsellor so far.*] There is a particular sarcasm in Tlepolemus's calling Sarpedon in this place Λυκιων Βουληφορε, 'Lycian counsellor,' one better skilled in oratory than war; as he was the governor of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may guess from his character in Homer) remarkable for his speeches. This is rightly observed by Spondanus, though not taken notice of by M. Dacier.

V. 792. *Troy felt his arm.*] He alludes to the history of the first destruction of Troy by Hercules, occasioned by Laomedon's refusing that hero the horses, which were the reward promised him for the delivery of his daughter Hesione.

V. 809. *With base reproaches and unmanly pride.*] Methinks these words, κακῳ ονιπατι μυθῳ, include the chief sting of Sarpedon's answer to Tlepolemus, which no commentator that I remember has remarked. He tells him Laomedon deserved his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and scandalous reproaches; alluding to those which Tlepolemus had just before cast upon him.

V. 858. *But Boreas rising fresh.*] Sarpedon's fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, shews the great judgment of our author in these matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raising the god Boreas to his hero's assistance, and making a little machine of but one line? This manner of representing common things in figure and person, was perhaps the effect of Homer's Egyptian education.

V. 860. *The gen'rous Greeks,* &c.] This slow and orderly retreat of the Greeks, with their front constantly turned to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and discipline. This manner of retreat was in use among the ancient Lacedæmonians, as were many other martial customs described by Homer. This practice took its rise among that brave people from the apprehensions of being slain with a wound received in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the highest infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffered thus even after their death, by denying them (as Eustathius informs us) the rites of burial.

V. 904. *Pallas disrobes*] This fiction of Pallas arraying herself with the arms of Jupiter, finely intimates (says Eustathius) that she is nothing else but the wisdom of the Almighty. The same author tells us, that the ancients marked this place with a star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatness and sublimity in the whole passage, which is astonishing, and superior to any imagination but that of Homer; nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated saying, that 'he was the only man who had seen the forms of the gods, or the only man who had shewn them.'

V. 913. *A fringe of serpents.*] Our author does not particularly describe this fringe of the ægis as consisting of serpents;

but that it did so, may be learned from Herodotus in his fourth book. 'The Greeks (says he) borrowed the vest and shield of Minerva from the Lybians, only with this difference, that the Lybian shield was fringed with thongs of leather, the Grecian with serpents.' And Virgil's description of the same ægis agrees with this, Æn. viii. v. 435.

V. 920. *So vast, the broad circumference contains a hundred armies.*] The words in the original are ἑκατον πολιων πεγυλεσσ' ἐρεγμιαν, which are capable of two meanings; either that this helmet of Jupiter was sufficient to have covered the armies of an hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were engraved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may be taken either way, though the learned are most inclined to the former sense, as the idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to Homer's bold manner, and not extravagant, if we call in the allegory to our assistance, and imagine it (with M. Dacier) an allusion to the providence of God that extends over all the universe.

V. 928. *Heav'n's gates spontaneous open.*] This marvellous circumstance of the gates of heaven opening themselves of their own accord to the divinities that pass through them, is copied by Milton, lib. v. vii.

The expression of 'the gates of heaven' is in the eastern manner, where they said the 'gates' of heaven, or of earth, for the 'entrance or extremities' of heaven or earth; a phrase usual in the scriptures, as is observed by Dacier.

V. 929. We find frequent mention of the hours in the course of this poem; but to prevent any mistake, it may not be improper to take notice that they must always be understood to mean the seasons, and not the division of the day by hours.

V. 954. *To tame the monster-god Minerva knows.*] For it is only wisdom that can master strength. It is worth while here to observe the conduct of Homer. He makes Minerva, and not Juno, to fight with Mars; because a combat between Mars and Juno could not be supported by an allegory to have authorized the fable: whereas the allegory of a battle between Mars and Minerva is very open and intelligible. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 960. *Far as a shepherd,* &c.] Longinus, citing these verses

as a noble instance of the sublime, speaks to this effect: 'In what a wonderful manner does Homer exalt his deities; measuring the leaps of their very horses by the whole breadth of the horizon? Who is there that, considering the magnificence of this hyperbole, would not cry out with reason, That if these heavenly steeds were to make a second leap, the world would want room for a third?' This puts me in mind of that passage in Hesiod's Theogony, where he describes the height of the heavens, by saying a smith's anvil would be nine days in falling from thence to earth.

V. 971. *Smooth as the sailing doves.*] This simile is intended to express the lightness and smoothness of the motion of these goddesses. The doves, to which Homer compares them, are said by the ancient scholiast to leave no impression of their steps. The word βατην in the original may be rendered ascenderunt as well as incesserunt; so may imply (as M. Dacier translates it) moving without touching the earth, which Milton finely calls 'smooth-sliding without step.'

V. 978. *Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs.*] There was a necessity for cryers whose voices were stronger than ordinary in those ancient times before the use of trumpets was known in their armies. And that they were in esteem afterwards, may be seen from Herodotus, where he takes notice that Darius had in his train an Egyptian, whose voice was louder and stronger than any man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in Homer's attributing this voice to Juno; because Juno is no other than the air, and because the air is the cause of sound. EUSTATHIUS, SPONDANUS.

V. 1024. *Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies.*] Minerva in this place very well paints the manners of Mars, whose business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the broil. I think the passage includes a fine allegory of the nature of war. Mars is called inconstant, and a breaker of his promises, because the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing sides. This latent meaning of the epithet αλλοπροσαλλος, is taken notice of by Eustathius.

V. 1033. *So great a god.*] The translation has ventured to call a goddess so; in imitation of the Greek, which uses the word

Θεὸς promiscuously for either gender. Some of the Latin poets have not scrupled to do the same.

V. 1037. *Black Orcus' helmet.*] As every thing that goes into the dark empire of Pluto, or Orcus, disappears and is seen no more, the Greeks from thence borrowed this figurative expression, 'to put on Pluto's helmet,' that is to say, 'to become invisible.' Plato uses this proverb in the tenth book of his Republic, and Aristophanes in Acharnens. EUSTATHIUS.

V. 1096. *Of all the gods—Thou most unjust, most odious,* &c.] Jupiter's reprimand of Mars is worthy the justice and goodness of the great governor of the world, and seems to be no more than was necessary in this place. Homer hereby admirably distinguishes between Minerva and Mars, that is to say, between wisdom and ungoverned fury; the former is produced from Jupiter without a mother, to show that it proceeds from god alone; (and Homer's alluding to that fable in the preceding speech shows that he was not unacquainted with this opinion) the latter is born of Jupiter and Juno, because, as Plato explains it, whatever is created by the ministry of second causes, and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original spirit of division which reigned in the chaos, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader will find this allegory pursued with great beauty in these two speeches; especially where Jupiter concludes with saying he will not destroy Mars, because he comes from himself; God will not annihilate passion, which he created to be of use to reason:—'Wisdom (says Eustathius upon this place) has occasion for passion, in the same manner as princes have need of guards. Therefore reason and wisdom correct and keep passion in subjection, but do not entirely destroy and ruin it.'

V. 1112. *As when the fig's press'd juice,* &c.] The sudden operation of the remedy administered by Pæon, is well expressed by this similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the juice or sap of a fig for runnet, to cause their milk to coagulate. It may not be amiss to observe, that Homer is not very delicate in the choice of his allusions. He often borrowed his similes from low life, and, provided they illustrated his thoughts in a just and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF THE

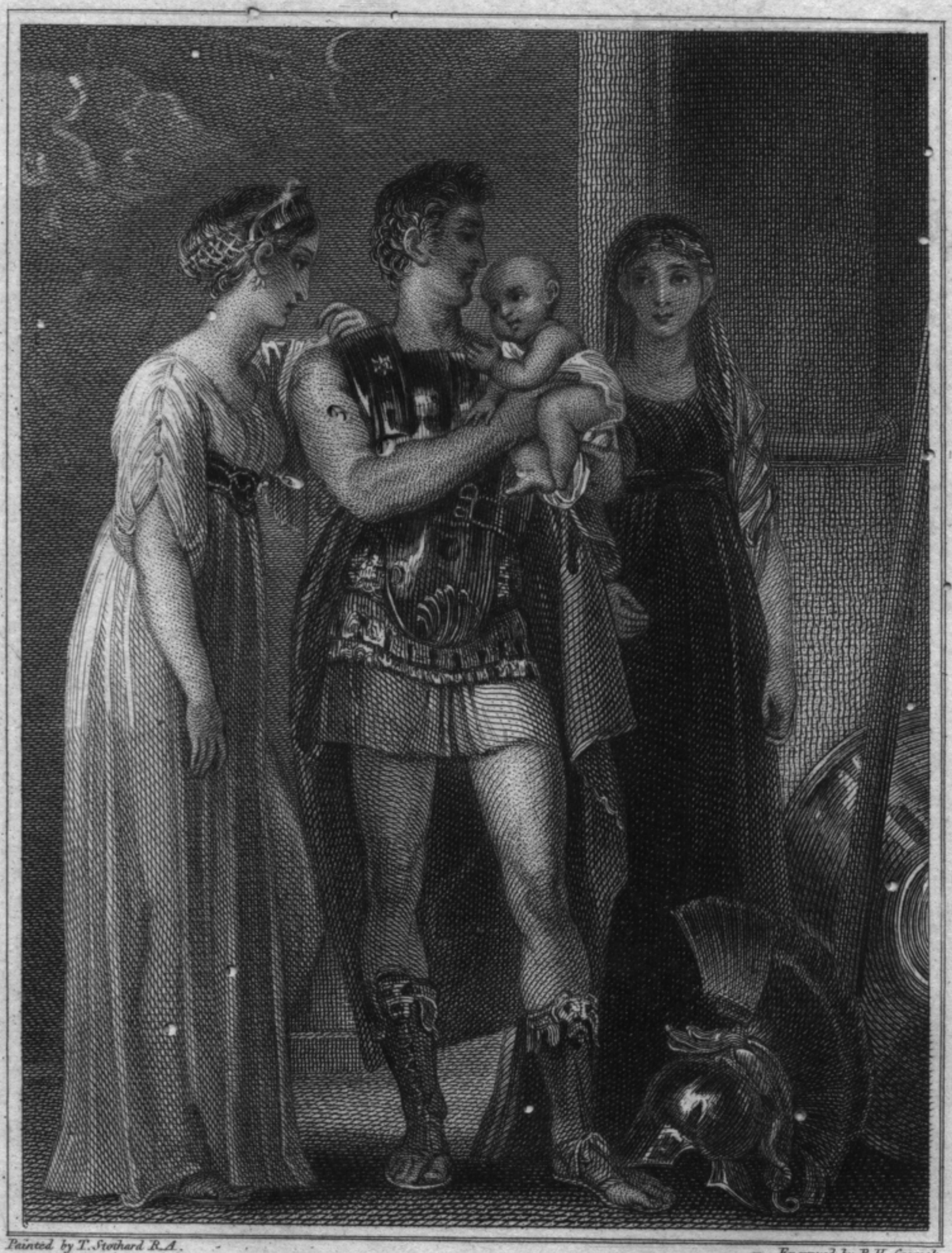
ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE EPISODES OF GLAUCUS AND DIOMED, AND OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

The gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battle relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality passed between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector having performed the orders of Helenus, prevailed upon Paris to return to the battle, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battle, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.



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BOOK VI.

Now heav'n forsakes the fight: th' immortals yield,
To human force and human skill, the field:
Dark show'rs of jav'lins fly from foes to foes;
Now here, now there, the tide of combat flows;
While Troy's fam'd streams, that bound the death-
ful plain,
On either side run purple to the main.
Great Ajax first to conquest led the way,
Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day.
The Thracian Acamas his falchion found,
And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;
His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke impress
Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:
Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,
And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.
Next Teuthras' son distain'd the sands with blood,
Axylus, hospitable, rich and good:
In fair Arisbe's walls (his native place)
He held his seat; a friend to human race.
Fast by the road, his ever-open door
Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

To stern Tydides now he falls a prey,
No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!
Breathless the good man fell, and by his side
His faithful servant, old Calesius, died.
By great Euryalus was Dresus slain,
And next he laid Opheltius on the plain.
Two twins were near, bold, beautiful, and young,
From a fair naiad and Bucolion sprung:
(Laomedon's white flocks Bucolion fed,
That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed;
In secret woods he won the naiad's grace,
And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)
Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms;
The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.
Astyalus by Polypœtes fell;
Ulysses' spear Pidytes sent to hell;
By Teucer's shaft brave Aretaön bled,
And Nestor's son laid stern Ablerus dead;
Great Agamemnon, leader of the brave,
The mortal wound of rich Elatus gave,
Who held in Pedasus his proud abode,
And till'd the banks where silver Satnio flow'd.
Melanthius by Eurypylus was slain;
And Phylacus from Leitus flies in vain.

Unbless'd Adrastus next at mercy lies
Beneath the Spartan spear, a living prize.
Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,
His headlong steeds, precipitate in flight,
Rush'd on a tamarisk's strong trunk, and broke
The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke;
Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,
For Troy they fly, and leave their lord behind.
Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:
Atrides o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd
The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd:
O spare my youth, and for the life I owe
Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
When fame shall tell, that, not in battle slain,
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain;
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told,
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.
He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart;
He stood, suspended, with the lifted dart:
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,
And furious, thus: Oh impotent of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?

Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall:
A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,
To warn the nations, and to curb the great!
The monarch spoke; the words, with warmth addrest,
To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.
Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;
The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.
Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,
Forth from the slain he tugg'd the reeking dart.
Old Nestor saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;
Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!
No son of Mars descend, for servile gains,
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.
Behold yon glitt'ring host, your future spoil!
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.
And now had Greece eternal fame acquir'd,
And frighted Troy within her walls retir'd,
Had not sage Helenus her state redrest,
Taught by the gods that mov'd his sacred breast.

Where Hector stood, with great Æneas join'd,
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.
Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th' immortals lay
The cares and glories of this doubtful day;
On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend;
Wise to consult, and active to defend!
Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite;
Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight,
Ere yet their wives' soft arms the cowards gain,
The sport and insult of the hostile train.
When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,
Ourselves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;
Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,
These straits demand our last remains of might.
Meanwhile, thou, Hector, to the town retire,
And teach our mother what the gods require:
Direct the queen to lead th' assembled train
Of Troy's chief matrons to Minerva's fane;
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r
With offer'd vows, in Ilion's topmost tow'r.
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altars led:

If so the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
That mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Not thus Achilles taught our hosts to dread,
Sprung though he was from more than mortal bed;
Not thus resistless rul'd the stream of fight,
In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.
Hector obedient heard; and, with a bound,
Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;
Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
And bids the thunder of the battle rise.
With rage recruited the bold Trojans glow,
And turn the tide of conflict on the foe:
Fierce in the front he shakes two dazzling spears:
All Greece recedes, and 'midst her triumphs fears;
Some god, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,
Shot down avenging from the vault of stars.
Then thus aloud: Ye dauntless Dardans, hear!
And you whom distant nations send to war!
Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;
Be still yourselves, and Hector asks no more.
One hour demands me in the Trojan wall,
To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:

Nor shall, I trust, the matrons' holy train,
And rev'rend elders, seek the gods in vain.

This said, with ample strides the hero past;
The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,
His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung;
And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battle (godlike Hector gone),
When daring Glaucus and great Tydeus' son
Between both armies met: the chiefs from far
Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.
Near as they drew, Tydides thus began:

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?
Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,
Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattled field;
Yet far before the troop thou dar'st appear,
And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.
Unhappy they, and born of luckless sires,
Who tempt our fury when Minerva fires!
But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend,
Know, with immortals we no more contend.
Nor long Lycurgus view'd the golden light,
That daring man who mix'd with gods in fight.
Bacchus, and Bacchus' votaries, he drove,
With brandish'd steel, from Nyssa's sacred grove:

Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,
With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;
While Bacchus headlong sought the briny flood,
And Thetis' arms receiv'd the trembling god.
Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals' wrath to move;
(Th' immortals bless'd with endless ease above)
Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,
Cheerless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom,
Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,
A wretch accurs'd, and hated by the gods!
I brave not heav'n: but if the fruits of earth
Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth,
Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,
Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,
(Reply'd the chief) can Tydeus' son inquire?
Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those are pass'd away.
But if thou still persist to search my birth,
Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.

A city stands on Argos' utmost bound,
(Argos the fair for warlike steeds renown'd),
Æolian Sisyphus, with wisdom blest,
In ancient time the happy wall possest,
Then call'd Ephyre: Glaucus was his son;
Great Glaucus, father of Bellerophon,
Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,
Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.
Then mighty Prætus Argos' sceptres sway'd,
Whose hard commands Bellerophon obey'd.
With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,
And the brave prince in num'rous toils engag'd.
For him Antæa burn'd with lawless flame,
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,
Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.
Fir'd at his scorn the queen to Prætus fled,
And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:
Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;
But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:
To Lycia the devoted youth he sent,
With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent.
Now bless'd by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,
The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood:

There Lycia's monarch paid him honours due,
Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:
The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.
First, dire Chimæra's conquest was enjoin'd:
A mingled monster, of no mortal kind;
Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread;
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire;
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,
And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies),
Then met in arms the Solymæan crew,
(Fiercest of men) and those the warrior slew.
Next the bold Amazon's whole force defy'd;
And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.
Nor ended here his toils: his Lycian foes,
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.
At length the monarch, with repentant grief,
Confess'd the gods and god-descended chief;

His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,
With half the honours of his ample reign:
The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.
There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,
With two brave sons and one fair daughter bless'd;
(Fair e'en in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love
Crown'd with Sarpedon's birth th' embrace of Jove)
But when at last, distracted in his mind,
Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human-kind,
Wide o'er th' Aleian field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart:
His beauteous daughter fell by Phœbe's dart;
His eldest-born by raging Mars was slain,
In combat on the Solymæan plain.
Hippolochus surviv'd: from him I came,
The honour'd author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town;
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd Tydides' heart;
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,
Then friendly, thus, the Lycian prince addrest:
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest!
Thus ever let us meet, with kind embrace,
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.
Know, chief, our grandsires have been guests of old;
Oeneus the strong, Bellerophon the bold:
Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,
Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.
The parting heroes mutual presents left;
A golden goblet was thy grandsire's gift;
Oeneus a belt of matchless work bestow'd,
That rich with Tyrian dye refulgent glow'd.
(This from his pledge I learn'd, which, safely stor'd
Among my treasures, still adorns my board:
For Tydeus left me young, when Thebè's wall
Beheld the sons of Greece untimely fall.)
Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;
If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,
My guest in Argos thou, and I in Lycia thine.
Enough of Trojans to this lance shall yield,
In the full harvest of yon ample field,
Enough of Greeks shall dye thy spear with gore;
But thou and Diomed be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host
We guard the friendship of the line we boast.
Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,
Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight;
Brave Glaucus then each narrow thought resign'd,
(Jove warm'd his bosom, and enlarg'd his mind)
For Diomed's brass arms, of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.
Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,
Great Hector, enter'd at the Scæan gate.
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,
The Trojan matrons and the Trojan maids
Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.
He bids the train in long procession go,
And seek the gods, t' avert th' impending woe.
And now to Priam's stately courts he came,
Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,
The rich pavilion of his fifty sons,
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state,
Oppos'd to those, where Priam's daughters sat:

Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.
Hither great Hector pass'd, nor pass'd unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother-queen.
(With her Laodicè, whose beauteous face
Surpass'd the nymphs of Troy's illustrious race)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun:
O Hector! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls?
Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,
With lifted hands, from Ilion's lofty tow'r?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crown'd,
In Jove's high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country's right.
Far hence be Bacchus' gifts (the chief rejoin'd);
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use
By me that holy office were profan'd;
Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praise.
You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,
And burn rich odours in Minerva's fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,
Before the goddess' honour'd knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the pow'r, aton'd by fervent pray'r,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides' wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care:
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war;
If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,
The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.

This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came
Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.
The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd ev'ry part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
Here as the queen revolv'd with careful eyes
The various textures and the various dyes,
She chose a veil that shone superior far,
And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.
Herself with this the long procession leads;
The train majestically slow proceeds.
Soon as to Ilion's topmost tow'r they come,
And awful reach the high Palladian dome,
Antenor's consort, fair Theano, waits
As Pallas' priestess, and unbars the gates.
With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
They fill the dome with supplicating cries.
The priestess then the shining veil displays,
Plac'd on Minerva's knees, and thus she prays.
Oh awful goddess! ever-dreadful maid,
Troy's strong defence, unconquer'd Pallas, aid!

Break thou Tydides' spear, and let him fall
Prone on the dust before the Trojan wall.
So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,
Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.
But thou, aton'd by penitence and pray'r,
Ourselves, our infants, and our city spare!
So pray'd the priestess in her holy fane;
So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.
While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,
Hector to Paris' lofty dome repairs.
Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part
Assembling architects of matchless art.
Near Priam's court and Hector's palace stands
The pompous structure, and the town commands.
A spear the hero bore of wond'rous strength,
Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;
The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,
Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.
Thus ent'ring, in the glitt'ring rooms he found
His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,
His eyes delighting with their splendid show,
Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.
Beside him Helen with her virgins stands,
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look
The prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.
Thy hate to Troy, is this the time to show?
(O wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)
Paris and Greece against us, both conspire;
Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.
For thee great Ilion's guardian heroes fall
Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall;
For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,
And wasteful war in all its fury burns.
Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,
Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?
Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,
And all the Phrygian glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth),
Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:
Yet charge my absence less, O gen'rous chief!
On hate to Troy, than conscious shame and grief:
Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sat,
And mourn'd in secret, his, and Ilion's fate.
'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,
And beauteous Helen calls her chief to arms.
Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,
'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.

But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;
Or go, and Paris shall not lag behind.
He said, nor answer'd Priam's warlike son;
When Helen thus with lowly grace begun:
O gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame,
That caus'd these woes, deserve a sister's name!
Would heav'n, ere all these dreadful deeds were done,
The day, that show'd me to the golden sun,
Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear
The fatal infant to the fowls of air?
Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tide,
And 'midst the roarings of the waters died?
Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst
Bore all, and Paris of those ills the worst.
Helen at least a braver spouse might claim,
Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!
Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
With toils, sustain'd for Paris' sake and mine:
The gods have link'd our miserable doom,
Our present woe, and infamy to come:
Wide shall it spread, and last through ages long,
Example sad! and theme of future song.
The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest:
The Trojan bands by hostile fury prest,

Demand their Hector, and his arm require;
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.
Urge thou thy knight to march where glory calls,
And timely join me, ere I leave the walls.
Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:
This day, some god who hates our Trojan land
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.
He said, and pass'd with sad presaging heart
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain:
She, with one maid of all her menial train,
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.
But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent
Her parting step? If to the fane she went,

Where late the mourning matrons made resort;
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court?
Not to the court (replied th' attendant train),
Nor mix'd with matrons to Minerva's fane:
To Ilion's steepy tow'r she bent her way,
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword;
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord:
Distracted with surprise, she seem'd to fly,
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.
The nurse attended with her infant boy,
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.
Hector, this heard, return'd without delay;
Swift through the town he trod his former way,
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir:
(Cilician Thebè great Aëtion sway'd,
And Hippoplacus' wide-extended shade)
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.

To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojans call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind;
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Too daring prince! ah whither dost thou run?
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
O grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

So shall my days in one sad tenour run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun,
No parent now remains my griefs to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,
Laid Thebè waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile;
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,
Jove's silvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell;
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,
The queen of Hippoplacia's silvan lands:
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee:
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.

Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
O prove a husband's and a father's care!
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy:
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.
The chief reply'd: That post shall be my care,
Not that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
Attaint the lustre of my former name,
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame?
My early youth was bred to martial pains,
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains:
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father's glories, and my own.
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)

The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife!
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou! whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:
While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.

The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd.
Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth:
No force can then resist, no flight can save,
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:
Me glory summons to the martial scene,
The field of combat is the sphere for men.
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger as the first in fame.
Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye
That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

There, while her fears deplor'd the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran,
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.
But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,
Forth issues Paris from the palace wall.
In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,
Swift through the town the warrior bends his way.
The wanton courser thus with reins unbound
Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;
Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,
And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;
His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;
He snuffs the females in the distant plain,
And springs, exulting, to his fields again.
With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,
In arms refulgent as the god of day,
The son of Priam, glorying in his might,
Rush'd forth with Hector to the fields of fight.
And now the warriors passing on the way,
The graceful Paris first excus'd his stay.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd:
O chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!

Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;
Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.
What pity sloth should seize a soul so brave,
Or godlike Paris live a woman's slave!
My heart weeps blood at what the Trojans say,
And hopes thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.
Haste then, in all their glorious labours share,
For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.
These ills shall cease, whene'er by Jove's decree
We crown the bowl to heav'n and liberty:
While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns
And Greece indignant through her seas returns.

SELECT NOTES

TO

BOOK VI.

V. 7. *Ajax first.*] Ajax performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the gods from the battle. It is observed that this hero is never assisted by the deities, as most of the rest are; see his character in the notes on the seventh book. The expression of the Greek is, that he 'brought light to his troops,' which M. Dacier takes to be metaphorical; I do not see but it may be literal; he broke the thick squadrons of the enemy, and opened a passage for the light.

V. 9. *The Thracian Acamas.*] This Thracian prince is the same in whose likeness Mars appears in the preceding book, rallying the Trojans, and forcing the Greeks to retire. In the present description of his strength and size, we see with what propriety this personage was selected by the poet, as fit to be assumed by the god of war.

V. 16. *Axylus, hospitable.*] This beautiful character of Axylus has not been able to escape the misunderstanding of some of the commentators, who thought Homer designed it as a reproof of an undistinguished generosity. It is evidently a panegyric on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country, whom the poet honours with the noble title of a friend to mankind. It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satire on human race, while he represents this lover of his species miserably perishing without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the Odyssey. The patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their gates to see those who

pass by, and intreat them to enter into their houses: this cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of Genesis. The eastern nations seem to have had a peculiar disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day.

V. 57. *O spare my youth*, &c.] This passage, where Agamemnon takes away that Trojan's life whom Menelaüs had pardoned, and is not blamed by Homer for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational society; and is not therefore to be imputed to the poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquered enemies.

V. 74. *Her infants at the breast, shall fall.*] Or her infants 'yet in the womb,' for it will bear either sense. But I think Madam Dacier in the right, in her affirmation that the Greeks were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. Homer (says she) to remove all equivocal meaning from this phrase, adds the words κουρον ἐοντα, 'juvenem puerulum existentem,' which would be ridiculous, were it said of a child yet unborn. Besides, he would never have represented one of his first heroes capable of so barbarous a crime; or at least would not have commended him (as he does just after) for such a wicked exhortation.

V. 88. *First gain the conquest, then reward the toil*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon Nestor's having seen Menelaüs ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. It was for such lessons as these (says M. Dacier) that Alexander so much esteemed Homer, and studied his poem. He made his use of this precept in the battle of Arbela, when Parmenio being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he sent this message to him: Leave the baggage there; for if we gain the victory, we shall not only recover what is our own, but be masters of all that is the enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are filled with examples of enterprises that have miscarried, and battles that have been lost, by the greediness of soldiers for pillage.

V. 107. *Thou, Hector, to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to Homer's conduct, that Hector, upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battle, only to carry a message to Troy concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in Helenus to advise this, and in Hector to comply with it. What occasioned this false criticism, was, that they imagined it to be a piece of advice, and not a command. Helenus was a priest and augur of the highest rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and Hector obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The Trojan army was in the utmost distress, occasioned by the prodigious slaughter made by Diomed: there was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate Minerva who assisted that hero; which Helenus might know, though Hector would have chosen to have staid and trusted to the arm of flesh. Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. Hector goes, as he was obliged in religion; but not before he has animated the troops, re-established the combat, repulsed the Greeks to some distance, received a promise from Helenus that they would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: all which Homer has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to Helenus's part, he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to; he knew his authority as a priest, and designed to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men, than superstition; and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a fast when they wanted provisions. Helenus could no way have made his promise more credible, than by sending away Hector; which looked like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than Hector could so properly have enjoined this solemn act of religion; and, lastly, no other whose valour was less known than his could have left the army in this juncture without a taint upon his honour. Homer makes this piety succeed; Paris is brought back to the fight, the Trojans afterwards prevail, and

Jupiter appears openly in their favour, l. viii. Though, after all, I cannot dissemble my opinion, that the poet's chief intention in this was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of Hector and Andromache. This change of the scene to Troy furnishes him with a great number of beauties. 'By this means (says Eustathius) his poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battles, and, being as it were washed from slaughter and blood, becomes calm and smiling by the beauty of these various episodes.'

V. 147. *The interview of Glaucus and Diomed*] No passage in our author has been the subject of more severe and groundless criticisms than this, where these two heroes enter into a long conversation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battle. Monsieur Dacier's answer in defence of Homer is however very full and satisfactory. See his remarks on the 20th chapter of Aristotle's Poetic.

V. 149. *Between both armies met*, &c.] It is usual with Homer, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of Diomed and Glaucus. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combat, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it.

V. 161. *Not long Lycurgus*, &c.] What Diomed here says is the effect of remorse, as if he had exceeded the commission of Pallas in encountering with the gods, and dreaded the consequences of proceeding too far. At least he had no such commission now, and, besides, was no longer capable of distinguishing them from men (a faculty she had given him in the foregoing book): he therefore mentions this story of Lycurgus as an example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an undertaking. The ground of the fable they say is this: Lycurgus caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was less plentiful:

hence it was feigned that Thetis received Bacchus into her bosom.

V. 170. *Immortals bless'd with endless ease.*] Though Dacier's and most of the versions take no notice of the epithets used in this place, Θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζωοντες, 'Dii facilè seu beatè viventes,' the translator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preserve.

V. 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which Homer gives his heroes was doubtless a copy of the manners and hyperbolical speeches of those times. Thus Goliath to David, 1 Sam. ch. xvii. 'Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.' The Orientals speak the same language to this day.

V. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of Glaucus, according to the true style of antiquity, 'Few and evil are our days.' This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by Simonides in a fine fragment extant in Stobæus. The same thought may be found in Ecclesiasticus, ch. xiv. v. 18, almost in the same words; 'As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow; so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.'

V. 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the same which was afterwards called Corinth, and had that name in Homer's time, as appears from his catalogue, v. 77.

V. 219. *First, dire Chimæra.*] Chimæra was feigned to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon; because the mountain of that name in Lycia had a volcano on its top, and nourished lions; the middle part afforded pasture for goats, and the bottom was infested with serpents. Bellerophon destroying these, and rendering the mountain habitable, was said to have conquered Chimæra. He calls this monster Θειον γενος, in the manner of the Hebrews, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the appellative of divine. So the Psalmist says, 'The mountains of God,' &c.

V. 227. *The Solimæan crew.*] The Solymi were an ancient

nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of Asia Minor, between Lycia and Pisidia. Pliny mentions them as an instance of a people so entirely destroyed, that no footsteps of them remained in his time. Some authors, both ancient and modern, from a resemblance in sound to the Latin name of Jerusalem, have confounded them with the Jews. Tacitus, speaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the Jewish nation, has these words: 'Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Solymos carminibus Homēri celebratam gentem, conditæ urbi Hierosolymam nomen è suo fecisse.' Hist. lib. vi.

V. 239. *The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground.*] It was usual in the ancient times, upon any signal piece of service performed by the kings or great men, to have a portion of land decreed by the public as a reward to them. Thus when Sarpedon in the twelfth book incites Glaucus to behave himself valiantly, he puts him in mind of these possessions granted by his countrymen.

V. 267. *Our grandsires have been guests of old.*] The laws of hospitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendship contracted hereby was so sacred, that they preferred it to all the bands of consanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation.

V. 291. *Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the original are ἐξέλετο φρένας, which may equally be interpreted, 'he took away his sense,' or 'he elevated his mind.' The former being a reflection upon Glaucus's prudence, for making so unequal an exchange, the latter a praise of the magnanimity and generosity which induced him to it. Porphyry contends for its being understood in this last way, and Eustathius, Monsieur and Madam Dacier, are of the same opinion. Notwithstanding, it is certain that Homer uses the same words in the contrary sense in the seventeenth Iliad, v. 470 of the original, and in the nineteenth, v. 187. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of Porphyry as much dishonours Diomed who proposed this exchange, as it does honour to Glaucus for consenting to it. However, I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the most heroic sense, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.

V. 295. *A hundred beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remarked from this place, that the proportion of the value of gold to brass in the time of the Trojan war was but as an hundred to nine; allowing these armours of equal weight: which, as they belonged to men of equal strength, is a reasonable supposition. As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by beeves or oxen, it might be either because the money was anciently stamped with those figures, or (which is most probable in this place) because in those times they generally purchased by exchange of commodities, as we see by a passage near the end of the seventh book.

V. 329. *Far hence be Bacchus' gifts——Inflaming wine.*] This maxim of Hector's concerning wine, has a great deal of truth in it. It is a vulgar mistake to imagine the use of wine either raises the spirits, or increases strength. The best physicians agree with Homer in this point, whatever our modern soldiers may object to this old heroic regimen. One may take notice that Samson as well as Hector was a water-drinker; for he was a Nazarite by vow, and as such was forbid the use of wine.

V. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,* &c.] The custom, which prohibits persons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteemed a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodshed.

V. 361. *Sidonian maids,*] Dictys Cretensis, lib. i. acquaints us that Paris returned not directly to Troy after the rape of Helen, but fetched a compass, probably to avoid pursuit. He touched at Sidon, where he surprised the king of Phœnici by night, and carried off many of his treasures and captives, among which were probably these Sidonian women. The author of the ancient poem of the Cypriacs says, he sailed from Sparta to Troy in the space of three days: from which passage Herodotus concludes that poem was not Homer's. We find in the scriptures that Tyre and Sidon were famous for works in gold, embroidery, &c. and for whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

V. 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The only gesture described by

Homer, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the gods, is the lifting up of their hands to heaven. Virgil frequently alludes to this practice.

V. 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For Helenus only ordered that prayers should be made to Minerva to drive Diomed from before the walls. But Theano prays that Diomed may perish, and perish flying; which is included in his falling forward.

V. 406. *Thy hate to Troy*, &c.] All the commentators observe this speech of Hector to be a piece of artifice; he seems to imagine that the retirement of Paris proceeds only from his resentment against the Trojans, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cause.

V. 478. *Brother, 'tis just*, &c.] Paris readily lays hold of the pretext Hector had furnished him with, and confesses he has partly touched upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasioned by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight; but nothing can be a finer trait (if we consider his character) than what Homer puts into his mouth just in this place, that 'he is now exhorted to it by Helen:' which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame, nor public hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour.

V. 462. *The episode of Hector and Andromache.*] Homer undoubtedly shines most upon the great subjects, in raising our admiration or terror: pity, and the softer passions, are not so much of the nature of his poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cause to think his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory, from the few sketches he has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the present episode of the parting of Hector and Andromache, he has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion, could inspire. The greatest censurers of Homer have acknowledged themselves charmed with this part; even Monsieur Perault translated it into French verse as a kind of penitential sacrifice for the sacrileges he had committed against this author.

This episode tends very much to raise the character of Hector, and endear him to every reader. This hero, though doubtful if he should ever see Troy again, yet goes not to his wife and child, till after he has taken care for the sacrifice, exhorted Paris to the fight, and discharged every duty to the gods and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remarked, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contrast has Homer made between the manners of Paris and those of Hector, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestic light, and in their regards to the fair sex? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of Helen and of Andromache? And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, opposed to that of unlawful passion?

V. 473. *Whose virtue charm'd him*, &c.] Homer in this verse particularizes the virtue of Andromache in the epithet *αμυμονα*, 'blameless,' or 'without a fault.' I have used it literally in another part of this episode.

V. 528. *His arms preserv'd from hostile spoil.*] This circumstance, of Aëtion's being burned with his arms, will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what eager passion these ancient heroes fought to spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquished enemy; and therefore this action of Achilles is mentioned as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity.

V. 532. *Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow a barren shade*, &c.] It was the custom to plant about tombs only such trees as elms, alders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being most suitable to the dead. This passage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

V. 543. *A victim to Diana's bow.*] The Greeks ascribed all sudden deaths of women to Diana. So Ulysses, in Odyss. xi. asks Anticlea, among the shades, if she died by the darts of Diana? And in the present book, Laodame, daughter of Bellerophon, is said to have perished young by the arrows of this goddess. Or perhaps it may allude to some disease fatal to women, such as Macrobius speaks of, Sat. i. 17. 'Fœminas certis afflictas morbis Σεληνοβλητους και Αρτεμιδοβλητους vocant.'

V. 583. *Hyperia's spring.*] Drawing water was the office of the meanest slaves. This appears by the Holy Scripture, where

the Gibeonites who had deceived Joshua are made slaves, and subjected to draw water.

V. 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. Hector extends his arms to embrace his child; the child, affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the shaking of the plume, shrinks backward to the breast of his nurse; Hector unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground, takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the gods; then returns him to the mother Andromache, who receives him with a smile of pleasure, but at the same instant the fears for her husband make her burst into tears. All these are but small circumstances, but so artfully chosen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and represents the whole in the utmost liveliness to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that false criticism some have fallen into, who affirm that a poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of persons; where a small action, or even a small circumstance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehension of them, than the material and principal parts themselves. As we find this in a history, so we do in a picture, where sometimes a small motion or turn of a finger will express the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the design. Longinus indeed blames an author's insisting too much on trivial circumstances; but in the same place extols Homer as 'the poet who best knew how to make use of important and beautiful circumstances, and to avoid the mean and superfluous ones.' There is a vast difference betwixt a small circumstance and a trivial one, and the smallest become important if they are well chosen, and not confused.

V. 604. *Hector's prayer for his son.*] It may be asked how Hector's prayer, that his son might protect the Trojans, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly knew Troy and his parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer: Hector, in the excess of a tender emotion for his son, entreats the gods to preserve Troy, and permit Astyanax to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech

heaven to appease its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter destiny. DACIER. Besides, it cannot be inferred from hence that Hector had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; since in many following passages we find him possessed with strong hopes and firm assurances to raise the siege, by the flight or destruction of the Greeks. So that these forebodings of his fate were only the apprehensions and misgivings of a soul dejected with sorrow and compassion, by considering the great dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him exposed.

V. 628. *Fix'd is the term.*] The reason which Hector here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth; which, as no precaution can avoid, so no danger can hasten. This sentiment is as proper to give comfort to the distressed, as to inspire courage into the desponding; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm assurance that our lives are exposed to no real hazards in the greatest appearances of danger.

V. 649. *Forth issues Paris.*] Paris, stung by the reproaches of Hector, goes to the battle. It is a just remark of Eustathius, that all the reproofs and remonstrances in Homer have constantly their effect. The poet by this shews the great use of reprehensions when properly applied, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

V. 665. *Paris excus'd his stay.*] Here, in the original, is a short speech of Paris containing only these words: 'Brother, I have detained you too long, and should have come sooner, as you desired me.' This, and some few others of the same nature in the Iliad, the translator has ventured to omit, expressing only the sense of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I shall not scruple to do it) says that these short speeches, though they may be natural in other languages, cannot appear so well in ours, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course.

V. 677. *We crown the bowl to heav'n and liberty.*] The Greek is κρήτηρα ἐλευθέριον, 'the free bowl,' in which they made libations to Jupiter after the recovery of their liberty. The expression is observed by M. Dacier to resemble those of the Hebrews; 'The cup of salvation, the cup of sorrow, the cup of benediction,' &c. Athenæus mentions those cups which the Greeks called γραμματικὰ ἐπινίκια, and were consecrated to the gods in memory of some success. He gives us the inscription of one of this sort, which was ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.

END OF VOL. II.

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